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## THE BATTLE IN THE COUNTIES.

THE County week has diminished Mr. Gladstone's gross majority, but has not yet brought it down even to the figure which, before the elections began, was accepted as the probable maximum of Liberal preponderance. Till 100 is arrived at in the downward progress, the brilliancy of our actual triumph will not be shaded. Should the balance in Mr. Gladstone's favour be reduced below 100—which seems unlikely—there will still be 30 to spare before the new Premier's strength is reduced to the figure which, in the fulness of Lord Palmerston's latest and almost beatific glory, was considered grand and overpowering. And if the majority should even come down to Lord Palmerston's figure of 70, it will still be 5 above the splendid majority by which Mr. Gladstone carried his most successful Irish Church division. No Minister has had such a majority, consisting entirely of pledged party followers, since the years immediately succeeding the Reform Bill. Lord Palmerston, during what is now looked back upon as a period of halcyon Liberal security in place, used to think himself fortunate when he maintained himself with majorities ranging from 12 to 18.

It is necessary to keep our eyes fixed upon this crucial test of numerical success, because certain great elections, especially in Lancashire, have engrossed the public attention, and the Tory journals naturally do all they can to persuade people that these contests, and not the majority in the division lobbies, settle the question before the country. Now, the truth is, that all great issues in English politics are determined by a collocation and competition of forces almost as incongruous as the elements which have gone to compose the modern British race; and these forces often act in the most unexpected way. For example, the results of several elections in Scotland and in Lancashire have been very surprising in precisely opposite directions. Seats in Lancashire which were accounted certain by the Liberals have gone for the Tories. Others in Scotland which have been Tory from eternity, and were expected to be Tory till time should be no more, have gone for the Liberals. Many a man thoroughly acquainted with the district would have hesitated to attack Sir William Stirling Maxwell in Perthshire, even if he had been offered £10,000 as sinews of war; but Sir William Stirling Maxwell has been ousted by an unknown candidate. In like manner, Sir Sydney Waterlow, a London alderman, has beaten the ducal nominee in Dumfriesshire, in spite of all the vulgarities, scurrilities, and tyrannies by which the patricians of this happy land almost invariably carry on election warfare. Nay, the bold Buccleuch's own heir apparent has been driven from his stronghold in Edinburghshire. We might instance other unlooked-for successes in each

of the three kingdoms; but it is only necessary to raise the point in order to suggest to every mind that a general election is never a very mathematical, logical, or homogeneous process, and that all the friends of progress can expect is, that on a balance of various contending forces the right party shall prove largely in the ascendant.

If this were thoroughly appreciated, there would be as little disposition on the one side to ferret out minute causes of defeat as there would be on the other to represent the verdict of the country as turning upon particular local struggles. Yet there may often be peculiar local circumstances that deserve analytical consideration. And it has been well pointed out in the *Times* and other daily journals that in Lancashire the purity and economy with which the Liberal electioneering has been conducted, the disuse of public-houses, the favour shown to the teetotal element, and the local aversion to Irish people have co-operated to give the Tories an exceptional advantage. So far as this is true the Liberal difficulties will not be permanent. The use of public-houses was nearly forbidden to all parties by the last Parliament, and will probably be absolutely prohibited before the next general election. The tendency of legislation is to restrict within the narrowest bounds permitted expenditure; and Liberal purity, or stinginess—which sometimes has quite as much to do with the matter—is not likely again to have such an adverse effect on the fortunes of the party. As to the anti-Irish prejudice, that is obviously a temporary disturbance of the local Liberal feeling, upon which even the most enthusiastic of Tories cannot count for long. But in the mechanical part of politics there is little occasion to look ahead, and for the present the advantage derived by setting Irish factory people to fight English factory people is one thoroughly in accordance with Tory instincts, and quite consonant with the interests of a party which accuses "other parties" of setting class against class. Another special cause of ill-success in some parts of the country, and of difficulty in many parts, has been the utter want of Liberal organization. This also ought to be removed; but it is probable that in mechanism the Tories will always have an advantage. The lower order of political intelligence takes to election labours and tricks as a duck takes to water. Liberal enthusiasm hardly ever assumes the form of thorough canvassing before the election or systematic scouring of polling districts on the days of contest; it will therefore pay the Liberals, while doing their best to improve in this respect, to reduce to a minimum the conditions which most contribute to give mechanical perfection the supremacy in elections which ought to belong to moral and political superiority.

The most effectual step to this reform will be the Ballot, and upon this it is essential the Liberals should at once



resolve. Some things have occurred in this contest to raise doubts of the Liberalism of the poorer classes in certain boroughs; but till the ballot has been given we decline to accept the cynical conclusion of a few superfine Liberals that the workmen in different large establishments are not only willing but eager to vote as their employers vote. In the counties it is quite certain that the £12 voters, except in the immediate vicinity of large towns, are bound hand and foot by the landlords, and can only be liberated by secret voting. One of the strongest illustrations of this, and of the way in which an analysis of local circumstances may modify the general impression derived from a great defeat, is to be found in the case of South-West Lancashire. It is notorious that the division is one of the most difficult districts in England to secure for the Liberal interest, and locally it is quite as notorious that to see Mr. Gladstone come within 300 of winning the seat was a very grave disappointment, since a majority of 1,000, and even 2,000, had been freely counted upon and betted upon. But something even yet more favourable to the Liberal cause may be arrived at by a very casual analysis of the voting. In Liverpool, though Liverpool returns two Tory borough members, Mr. Gladstone and his colleague had a majority of 619. In Southport, an important and growing place, they had a majority of 487. For the Conservative majority we must go to the strictly agricultural and landlord-ridden districts—districts in which many dare not and many more would not care to call their souls their own—and to Wigan, where the people vote exactly as that eminent collier and mute politician, the Earl of Balcarras, directs them. Surely these are facts which deserve to be considered in estimating the value of the Tory victory. It would be childish to pretend that the defeat of Mr. Gladstone and his consignment to Greenwich has not had popularly a bad effect; but, in the first place, it only lessens the Liberal majority by two votes, which it can well spare; in the second place, the defeat was suffered in the darkest and most oppressed district of the division; in the third place, it must convince Mr. Gladstone, as Mr. Forster hints, that the ballot is essential and inevitable; and fourthly—to depart for a moment from the smaller incidents of the subject—it will do great good in taking Mr. Gladstone away from a constituency which would have exercised over him an influence hardly more healthy than that of the University of Oxford.

Perhaps the most intelligent way of regarding a general election is to assume that, on the whole, the petty influences will balance each other pretty accurately, and that the great results will really be contributed by a certain ruling influence on each side. On the Liberal side the elections have been carried, then, by faith in Mr. Gladstone and his policy of justice to Ireland and death to the Irish Establishment. On the other side the victories have been gained mainly by fears for the safety of the Church of England operating on the electors through the clergy. A Church of England clergyman interfering in politics usually presents a very contemptible appearance, and there are often special circumstances which give to clerical intervention an aspect of peculiar folly and ignominy. Not far from Liverpool, as we have heard on good authority—and we name the case freely because identification is exceedingly unlikely—a clergyman was lately presented to an incumbency. He is probably as fanatical as a good many other clergymen, but his hostility to the Gladstone policy is said to have been quickened, as is not at all unusual, by his social disadvantages. He is derived from trade, and feels acutely the disadvantage of lacking university prestige. After trying his 'prentice hand in an Orange district of a large town, he received this incumbency, where he finds his social status is likely to be improved by supporting the Tory predilections of his most opulent parishioners to the top of his Orange bent. Accordingly, he conducted the whole service at his church on the eve of the election with a view to the defeat of Mr. Gladstone. The hymns were pointedly loyal; Liberalism was denounced as equivalent to infidelity; true Conservatism was represented as the salt by which an impure society was to be purified; electors were urged to vote for Church and State "as found in the Word of God;" and wives and mothers were exhorted to take the business in their own hands. They have done so, and the proof is that several men—or rather several of the husbands of ladies amongst whom this low-caste spiritual politician is a new and cherished light—actually abstained from voting. They could not be brought to support the Tories, but a sly yet frantic parson, and a few silly women, sufficed to dissuade them from voting according to

their consciences. Proceedings of this sort have as much to do with politics as the ruffianism which, in the height of the election, tried to upset Mr. Robertson Gladstone's carriage; but with such disturbing impertinences multiplied over a county and over the country it is not wonderful that defeats have been suffered, and that victories have been obtained with a difficulty which has disgraced the intelligence of the age.

In North-East and in South-East Lancashire influences of this unworthy kind returned the Tory candidates. In North Lancashire they helped the influence of Lord Derby—immorally exerted in favour of a son who does not even pretend to hold his father's opinions—to expel Lord Hartington. In West Kent, after a severe struggle, they foiled Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Angerstein. Even in Yorkshire it was with difficulty they were surmounted by Lord Milton and Mr. Beaumont. In North Warwickshire of course they carried Mr. Newdegate triumphantly into the House, and in Mid Surrey they helped bad organization and Cockney affectation to defeat Mr. Goldsmid and Mr. Roberts. As for Middlesex, what was to be expected when the Liberal organization went bodily over to the Tories with the discarded election-agent, and the two Liberal candidates abused each other in language such as was never heard in Hyde Park during the whole Reform agitation? In Berkshire Mr. Walter only got in as a minority member. Cambridgeshire has again returned as a chief pillar of the Church Lord Royston, a type of our frivolous *jeunesse dorée*, and Lord Elcho has escaped the punishment of Adullamy by a number of votes precisely corresponding with the number of tenants on his father's estate. On the other side may be reckoned several excellent and unlooked-for victories in Wales, where the landlord power is waning as it is in Scotland; and in compensation for the loss of Lord William Hay, we have the reappearance of that true and almost historic Radical, Sir John Trelawny, for Cornwall. The *personnel* of the House gains rather than loses by the exclusion of Mr. Labouchere and Sir Joseph M'Kenna. With this brief review, we arrive almost at the end of the election notabilia of 1868.

#### ODD MEN OUT.

NOW that the battle is well-nigh at an end and the Liberal triumph assured beyond any question, it is time to call over the muster-roll and count the missing and the slain. Unfortunately, on the Liberal side the list of losses is a long one, and includes many conspicuous names. The meritorious foresight of the electors of Greenwich has alone saved us from the necessity of giving Mr. Gladstone a prominent place in the catalogue of rejected candidates. But though Mr. Gladstone narrowly escapes this fate, many among his immediate followers have suffered in the struggle. The defeat of Mr. Mill at Westminster and of Baron Rothschild in the City led off the tale of disasters. The news quickly followed of Mr. Milner Gibson's rejection at Ashton, and of the similar ill-success of Mr. Austin Bruce at Merthyr Tydvil. When the struggle commenced in the counties, the Tory party had cause to exult in the overthrow of the Marquis of Hartington in North Lancashire, of Mr. Brand in Cambridgeshire, and of Mr. Gladstone himself, with his faithful colleague, Mr. Grenfell, in South-West Lancashire. On the other side, the Tories had to lament the fall of nearly the whole of their legal phalanx,—of the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, and all the hungry crowd of expectant officials. They counted also among their missing men some remarkable outsiders. Sir William Stirling Maxwell's defeat in Perthshire was something more than the loss of a vote to Mr. Disraeli. His name—the name of "Stirling of Keir," which he refused, it is known, to sink in the obscurity of a peerage—was not only a power among the Scotch Tories, but an ornament to the Tory party in the House of Commons. Few public men on their side remain in Parliament of higher culture, of a more tolerant temper, and of a more balanced mind, than Stirling of Keir. Beside this loss, hardly one of the other Tory losses is to be placed in comparison. The check to the influence of the Duke of Buccleuch in Edinburghshire, where the Earl of Dalkeith was thrown out, and to that of the Duke of Roxburgh in Roxburghshire, where Lord Schomberg Kerr was beaten, is a new feature in the history of Scotch elections. In Ireland the same tendency was manifested by the exclusion of Lord Claud John Hamilton, the promising son of the Duke of Abercorn, from Londonderry. In addition to



these onslaughts on the pet preserves of the Tory nobility, Mr. Disraeli has to take account of some losses which he will probably consider so much clear gain. Two pretentious bores have disappeared from the ranks of the Conservatives—Mr. Baillie Cochrane, whom the Reform Act condemned to political extinction at Honiton, has wooed in vain the suffrages of the Isle of Wight; Mr. Darby Griffith, an airier and less ponderous caricaturist of statesmanship, was in like manner “reformed” out of Devizes. And with Mr. Darby Griffith have disappeared the last remnants of the Tory “Cave” of 1867. Mr. Beresford Hope, it is true, remains to adorn the new House with his “Batavian grace;” but Lord Cranborne has migrated to the peers, Sir William Heathcote has retired from the University of Oxford, Mr. Sandford and Mr. Earle no longer represent Maldon. To prove, indeed, most emphatically the expediency as well as the moral obligation of loyalty to party, it is sufficient to point to the fate which, in common with their later Tory imitators, has befallen the Adullamites of 1866. Except Lord Grosvenor and Lord Elcho, they are clean gone, wiped out and forgotten, every man of them. Major Anson, the two Clintons, Mr. Marsh, Sir Edward Watkin, Col. Packe, Mr. Laing, Mr. Doulton, and others of the smaller following of Mr. Lowe have disappeared. Mr. Lowe himself is safely landed in the calm haven of an academic constituency; but Mr. Lowe has swallowed his leek and digested it. But where is Mr. Horsman, the other famous leader of the would-be *tiers parti*? Where is Mr. Roebuck, whose bitter tongue was never exercised more keenly than against his own party? Where is he, the giber of gibes, the wittier but scarcely more trusty compeer of Roebuck, Mr. Bernal Osborne? Where are they all? Gone to the same limbo with the *bêtes noires* of the defunct House of Commons—gone to keep company with Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Rearden.

Many names, well known, too, and honoured, might be added to our long catalogue of casualties, but there is matter enough in those we have given on which to moralize or to mourn. How flavourless henceforward the dish of Parliamentary salad! Vanished the vinegar and the oil, the pepper and the sugar, the calm wisdom of Mill, the tart virulence of Roebuck, the elaborate staginess of Horsman’s oratory, the pungent humour of Osborne. Reporters shall strain their ears no more to catch the rapid utterances which so inadequately conveyed the close and masterful thought of the first thinker of the age. The scornful index finger, downward pointing, of the rejected of Sheffield, shall have no opportunity of rousing Tory cheers as it indicates “the right honourable gentleman the member for Greenwich.” And, once or twice a year, on the great field-nights of debate, we shall miss the accustomed performance of that solemn oratorical melodrama, with its even flow of measured and polished periods, its histrionic gestures and modulations of tone, which unluckily did not receive due appreciation either in Stroud or Falkirk. But these losses it might be possible to bear with equanimity. Bad enough it is to lose our philosophy, our compressed quintessence of ill-nature, our last modern example of Grandisonian eloquence: bad enough all this, but worse—how much worse—to lose our jokes and gibes, the oasis of quip and jest in the desert of dull practical Parliamentary debating, the Ishmaelish audacity of the late member (for which, shall we say, of his many cities of refuge?) for Wycombe, for Middlesex, for Dover, for Liskeard, for Nottingham. It has been Mr. Bernal Osborne’s fate during his Parliamentary life to win the affections of four boroughs and one county, and never, with one exception, to have been elected by the same constituency a second time. What may be the reason of this singular inconstancy in the objects of Mr. Osborne’s political affection we do not presume to explain, only it may be remembered “as the husband is the wife is,” and fickle representatives make fickle constituencies. Whether discharged from service by his own fault or not, we have reason, and every newspaper-reader has reason, to regret Mr. Osborne’s absence from the House. The same cannot be said of Mr. Roebuck, whose acerbity of temper was once but an element in his public success, while it is now all that remains of a political reputation of high order. Mr. Roebuck’s behaviour in the last Parliament disgusted all parties, even the Tories, on whom he fawned, as he had fawned before on Louis Napoleon. His intemperate attacks on the working men discredited the Trades’ Union Commission: and his alliance during the recent contest at Sheffield with the Broadhead faction proved how little honest earnestness had underlain his former attacks upon

the Unions in Sheffield. The bad taste of his speech at the banquet to Mr. Reverdy Johnson had also something to do with his rejection; but the main reason of his defeat was the same that procured Mr. Osborne’s—the uncertainty of his Liberalism. This also completed Mr. Horsman’s overthrow, in spite of some forced advances to the Democratic party. Stroud was not to be purchased by one of the leaders of the Adullamite revolt, even when he bid so high as to offer the whole House of Peers at a sacrifice. And throughout the country the same temper prevailed. Adullamy is dead and buried; and party discipline among Tories and Liberals, is stronger now than it has been since the repeal of the Corn Laws. The causes of Mr. Mill’s rejection at Westminster we have already incidentally alluded to. His noblest public acts and his gravest public errors, his eminence as a speculative philosopher and his private theological opinions, all contributed to eject him from the representation of the City of the Swells. His prosecution of Mr. Eyre, his advocacy of Mr. Chadwick’s claims and of Mr. Bradlaugh, and his recognised position as the leader of the Rationalistic school of thought in England alienated, jointly and severally, some powerful sections of electors who are usually classed as Liberals. It is unnecessary here to say how great a blow to the prestige and true worth of the House of Commons we consider Mr. Mill’s defeat. It is now, for the present, irreversible and irreparable. Mr. Mill is among the beaten candidates—a significant fact enough, when we look at some of those who have been successful.

#### THE CONTINENTAL DEAD-LOCK.

WHEN a gleam of intelligent political insight breaks through the theologico-vinous mist which ordinarily encompasses the *Morning Advertiser*, the phenomenon is certain to have its origin in one of our contemporary’s foreign articles. Foreign these articles obviously are, both in tone and treatment. They smack neither of beer nor of divinity; they betray no sign of the influence of licensed victuallers. But the informed and sensible writer of these comments on foreign affairs has a weakness for theory; and he has just committed himself to one which seems to have required a good deal of illogical patchwork before it could be made public. He wishes us to believe that the great campaign of 1866 has produced nothing but the most disastrous results. It has not bettered the condition of Germany. It has not eradicated the cancer of German disunion and consequent weakness. It has not settled a long-standing quarrel, and secured peace by giving victory to one of two discontents. The only result of Sadowa is, according to this writer, that we have “Austria going head-long to ruin in her extravagant military expenditure, and Prussia following in her steps and inaugurating an era of deficits; while France, with enormously increased armaments and a kind of semi-alliance with Austria, is quietly watching and waiting for opportunities. So much for the pacific and happy results of the Seven Weeks’ War.” This is a very tragic picture. No wonder he cries out “*Cui bono*?” To whom is the good of Prussia being exalted into the most powerful military despotism on the Continent, if Europe is to be no freer, no happier, and no more pacific by the change?” As this querulous complaint is but an echo of a more or less reasonable conviction in the heart of a large number of people, it may be worth while to ask what the reasons are on which it is founded, and whether Prussia has nothing to show for the precious life she expended in the summer of 1866 beyond an unwholesome state of armed neutrality.

In the first place, it must be admitted that Prussia is experiencing one fruit of the war in a serious deficit. Hitherto her national balance-sheet has shown a satisfactory arrangement of figures; now she has another story to tell. It must be remembered, however, that as, in ordinary life, there are few things to be had without money, so, in political life, if you want a certain thing you must pay for it. It is not to be supposed that the splendid strength of the Austrian army could have been humbled without entailing considerable cost; and it is absurd to prophesy “an era of deficits” from the simple fact that Prussia has fallen into debt through her war-expenses. A financial difficulty is always an easy argument to bring against any Government; and it is one which appeals with strong sympathetic force to the people. A big deficit is deplorable, and the probability of a con-



tinuance of deficits—which the Prussian Minister of Finance is forced to contemplate—is more deplorable still. But a man may be virtuously out of pocket; and a nation may have made a real and notable advance, although in doing so it has increased its expenditure at the cost of its receipts. It is absurd to put the question of the advisability of the Bohemian campaign upon this ground. Every war entails pecuniary loss; and the real question is whether other advantages compensate. According to the writer of whom we speak, there are, in the case of the Austro-Prussian war, no compensating advantages whatever. "Hitherto all that has been gained by the dismemberment of Denmark, the dissolution of the old Bund, and the crushing humiliation of Austria, has been the exaltation of the Hohenzollern dynasty. Count Bismarck has made himself as great a name as Frederick the Great, but neither the Germans in general, nor the Prussians in particular, seem to be any the better off by the change." He only sees universal distrust and apprehension, the German people as disunited as ever, and "the Hapsburg on the one side, and the Hohenzollern on the other, arming to the teeth for fear of each other." So much will a man sacrifice to complete a theory! We should have imagined that the great European changes, with all their noble results, which have arisen from the blood spilt on the dull Bohemian plains, were too glaring to be thus contemptuously dismissed, or ignorantly ignored. Is it nothing that Austria has been thrown back on her Hungarian resources, and compelled to accept the assistance and guidance of a people free by instinct and tradition? Is it nothing that she has been taught the error of her ways, and that, ever since her defeat, she has been pursuing steadily and creditably the path towards constitutional freedom, throwing off her old sacerdotal trammels, and recognising the aspirations of the best of all her peoples? Is it nothing that Protestant Prussia, with her complete and admirable social system, has been made the point of gravitation for the nebulous little States that were vainly struggling on through a thick and stifling atmosphere of political apathy and inertia? Is it nothing that north of the Main there has been constituted a great proselytizing Power, which has already established military and commercial relations with the South, and which will, in time, permeate the South with the influences of political freedom and religious toleration? Prussia is absolutist, certainly. So much the worse. But there are stages in a nation's progress; and it is not likely that Prussia, any more than any other country, will leap to a logical extreme in a single day. The absolutism of Prussia is an anachronism and a blunder which must gradually disappear before the growing power of public opinion; and in the mean time it cannot be used as an argument against a condition of affairs with which, properly speaking, it has no concern. Prussia is at the head of Germany, not by virtue of, but in spite of, her absolutism; and the statement that Germany is as much divided now as she was before the war is precisely one of those convenient assertions, not founded on fact, which admirably fit in with a theory. Without doubt there is some discontent reigning in several of the incorporated States. Here and there the banishment of sovereigns who lived on their private property has resulted in heavier taxation. Then there are lots of officials pertaining to the abolished Governments who naturally lament their loss of place. And there are also a certain number of *doctrinaires* who will not accept any compromise, and who rebel against union with Prussia because she is not the model Power they would like to see preside over the great Fatherland. We admit that Prussia is not a model Power. We freely grant that King William has talked a vast deal of nonsense about the right divine of kings; that Bismarck has high-handed ways in dealing with rebellious Parliaments; and that certain Prussian social arrangements, which are admirable in their results smack of tyranny. But whoever can look back over the history of Germany since the time when Napoleon established the Confederation of the Rhine, and not see in the present state of Germany a wonderful transformation—a transformation for which her greatest poets and thinkers vainly sighed, and which has now been achieved mainly by the startling events of 1866—is either incapable of conviction, or wilfully blind to facts.

Finally, we come to the dead-lock at present embarrassing Europe in the matter of armaments. Why Prussia, or the Seven Weeks' War, should alone be held responsible for this state of affairs passes our comprehension. Unquestionably Prussia contributes her share to the general distrust by refusing to disarm sooner than any of her neighbours. It

is apparent to any candid observer that the danger of a dissolution of the present peace does not lie with Prussia. She has no wish to go to war. She has too much to do. So, for the matter of that, has Austria also; and there is not the least doubt whatever that Baron von Beust spoke the truth when he said that Austria wanted to have 800,000 men merely for the sake of self-defence. That she should require to keep up this force even that she might insure her neutrality in the event of war is indisputable so long as Prussia and France are so heavily armed. The question is, not who is to blame, but who will have the moral courage to take the initiative in disarming. There is this to be said of the respective armaments of Austria and Prussia—that an army will sooner "eat its head off" in Austria than in Prussia. The economical habit of making her soldiers provide for themselves, after three years' drill, is an admirable expedient by which Prussia enters with advantages on her side into any such absurd competition as that now prevailing in Europe. We do not mean, for a moment, to defend the present position of affairs. It is as ruinous to each Power concerned as it is illogical and unnecessary. Prussia does not want to fight. Austria has accepted her defeat, and is busy applying the results of the lesson to her social improvement. France—or, at least, the Emperor—dare not fight: the risk would be too great just at present. But that an unwholesome suspicion, or a haughty obstinacy should keep three Powers ruinously engaged in vieing with each other in the matter of armaments is not to be regarded as the result of a great and victorious campaign, which remodelled an empire and brought freedom and unity within the reach of the greatest European people.

#### AMONG THE PROPHETS.

THE horoscope of 1869 has been cast; and a very pretty year it is likely to be. Such bloodshed, rapine, and plunder; such epidemics, conflagrations, and famines; such storms, fires, and robberies as it is to witness have never been heard of before. The prospect would be simply appalling, but for two reasons. First, it is a habit of prophets to prophesy evil things, in obedience to the cynical maxim, "Expect the worst, and you won't be disappointed." Second, the prophets are not agreed among themselves. Not only does the sacred oracle give forth a doubtful sound, but we can hear the voices behind the holy fane, squabbling in ignominious conflict. Dodona quarrels with Olympia, and Delphi denounces them both as impostors. In a preface to one of those almanacs which picture forth the state of Europe during the ensuing year, the *vates* makes merry over the defeat of his rival. The latter, it appears, was challenged to enter the lists with this new prophet; but, instead, he retreated in a somewhat despicable fashion, "struck out the monthly astrological predictions, and substituted for them accounts of the institution of the various saints' days." What a pitiable apology for real vaticinations, to leap back half a dozen centuries and reach the region of the mythical the wrong way! "Our readers will observe that the catalogue of fulfilled predictions in 1868," says the victorious and pugnacious prophet, "is superior to that of any of our contemporaries—including, as it does, the Spanish Revolution (foretold to the exact date of its occurrence), the fearful earthquakes and floods in Peru, &c." Turning to the prediction of the Spanish Revolution, in last year's almanac, we are confronted by the startling announcement that "Spain will suffer seriously from the long stay of Saturn in Sagittarius (viz., from December, 1867, to December, 1870). The unhappy Queen of that ill-fated country will have need of the wisest counsels of her Ministers, and of the services of her army, to counteract the revolutionary movements which will be made by her subjects, and to retain her throne." But the Queen did not know of this wise man of the east of London, and so she failed to retain her throne—a catastrophe which might have been averted had she sent him £5. 5s., which is the prophet's charge for a full description of all the good and evil likely to happen in one's life. Our prophet has been very successful of late. True, one has to accept his explanations of the prophecies before they can be squared with the results; but we do not blame him for the stupidity of his readers. They were probably unable to tell what he meant by his prophecies; but now the unmistakable bull's-eye of fact glares down upon the lines, and solves the portentous conundrums. "The Prince of Wales," says the prediction of last year, "will be busily employed in State affairs in March and April, and from April to July he will be under the happiest influences, which cannot fail to exalt him to



station and wealth. In July another prince will, probably, be born to him." It is true that "being employed in State affairs" is rather vague, and one might be puzzled to say what the Prince was about to do. However, the prophet is not answerable for our blindness; for here is the response made to him by events:—"The Prince, accompanied by his amiable Princess, paid a state visit to Ireland in April, and was installed, with great pomp and ceremony, a Knight of St. Patrick. In July a princess was born to him." We confess that our prophet does not shine in this testimonial of his abilities which he offers. Perhaps the Prince of Wales was exalted in station by becoming a Knight of St. Patrick; but how about the wealth, which, if one might venture to say so, would perhaps have been as acceptable to his Royal Highness? Then about the young prince—it is given to persons who are not prophets to foretell, under certain circumstances, the birth of a baby, and where the prophet ought to have stepped in authoritatively was in predicting the sex of the Royal infant. But our prophet is of less account in his own country than when he deals with Spain or Ecuador; and so it is to his foreign predictions for next year that the apprehensive and awe-struck farmer may turn with most safety.

It is scarcely with any surprise that we learn from our prophet that Louis Napoleon's doom is sealed. Still, he need not have heaped horror upon horror on the unhappy Emperor's head. Troubles are to increase upon him; his domestic peace will suffer; "female intrigue and scandal will annoy him;" wars are to crowd upon him, in which he will be unsuccessful; the streets of Paris shall stream with blood. Indeed, the prophet seems to be moved by personal desire of vengeance upon Louis Napoleon. "In June, October, and December he will find it extremely difficult to retain his position as Emperor. If at war (and this is scarcely doubtful), he will meet with defeat in the field, in June and October; and, moreover, the 'influences' seem to point to revolutionary movements in his capital at those periods, which may compel him to abdicate. In December he will have to guard against an attempt to poison him, should he have survived the fatal months before mentioned." Nor does the King of Italy fare much better; but, in his case, we meet with an awkward contradiction in the prophecies. The ancient oracles got into disgrace through the wretchedly bad hexameters they turned out, before they sought refuge in prose; and we would urge upon our modern prophet the advisability of being consistent. In the predictions for February, 1869, he remarks, with regard to the King of Italy, that "his chequered life seems now to be drawing to a close." Afterwards, in casting up the King's Nativity, he remarks that, on the whole, the year will be a favourable one for the King of Italy. Now, in ordinary cases, it might perhaps be said that the year in which a man dies is favourable to him; but we must not forget that the King of Italy was excommunicated by the Pope. Under such circumstances, it is so uncertain what death may lead to. Among other predictions of the prophet for next year, there are several which are already quite irrefutable. That "young ladies will receive offers of marriage" is probable, seeing that the bloodshed and murder cannot wholly cut off the ingenuous youths of Europe; and that persons born on the 30th of November "should be very careful of taking cold this winter" is a useful warning which might apply to persons who were not born on the 30th of November. That the King of Bavaria will suffer from dysentery is only a contingency; but that there will be a good many fires and a good many robberies in London in January next we regard as tolerably certain.

That people buy these prophetic almanacs, and believe in their predictions, is beyond all doubt; and their doing so can only be regarded as one of the many symptoms of a vast substratum of superstition which underlies all education, or even common sense, in the country districts. Constantly in police-courts and elsewhere we are obtaining glimpses of this wonderful and occult power; and it is greatly to be regretted that, from time to time, collections are not made of the charms and mysteries which crop up in the newspapers. Only last week two cases occurred; in the first a certain "Jimmy the Wizard" undertook to prevent a girl, who was "begrudged" by a man in Australia, from coming to any further harm; in the second a woman, who was not a professional witch at all, endeavoured to cure a scald by pronouncing a charm, which ran in this wise:—"There were two angels come from the north, one of them being fire and the other frost; in frost, out fire," &c. But the witch who expects good to arise from her charms is placed at a disadvantage when compared with the prophet who demands evil to fulfil his predictions. Sometimes the charm does appear to cure; sometimes the prophet prophesies good, and does not blunder. But prophets, as a rule, are safer in prophesying evil, and they know it; and thus we have a view

of 1869 which, were it possible to believe in its truth, might tempt Europe to commit suicide, and have done with her woes at once.

#### FAIRY TALES AND NURSERY TRADITIONS.

WE are not going to write a paper about children's books in which the *féerie* element is strong, or to discuss children's literature in general. If we proposed to do this, there is one remark which we should place in the foreground, and which is so important just now that any excuse for making it may well be accepted by those who feel that in all its departments literature for children should be thoroughly good and genuine. That kind of writing is now lamentably subjected to the curse which haunts other kinds in a greater or less degree—that curse of plausible Brummagem production which comes of the mere working of a vein which is pleasant or successful. The motive may not always be mercenary, but the effect is the same—to degrade the department, to nauseate, insensibly, the public taste, to irritate conscientious producers, and to spoil their market for them. Everybody that can produce correct rhyme and rhythm and say things about buttercups seems bent on flooding the world with verse for children, quite ignorant or quite careless of the fact that the power of producing verse with life in it is a very rare gift indeed. Everybody, again, who can string events together tries to write a fairy tale, evidently thinking that all that is necessary is to work out improbabilities by means of conventional marionnette figures—quite ignorant or quite careless of the fact that it is of the very essence of the fairy tale or nursery legend to admit no distinction between probability and improbability, to take everything for granted, and yet to give the impossible a *raison d'être*. If a *féerie* fails in this, it fails altogether; *cadit questio*; all the other merit in the world cannot save it.

Beginning upon a half-irrelevant string we have come very close to the keynote of the general topic, as will be perceived in the course of the following remarks. Everybody who attends to literature and cares for children, must have observed the recent resuscitation and rehabilitation of the fairy tale or nursery legend; and every thoughtful person must have had his notions upon the place held by the history of nursery legend in that *Science des Origines* which is at present no more, or very little more than a name.

The rehabilitation of the fairy tale in days which are called peculiarly businesslike and utilitarian is a very amusing as well as a very instructive circumstance. It was one of the oddest features of the intellectualism and *doctrinaire* spirit which tried hard to remould the life of Western Europe just after the tempest of the French Revolution had subsided, that it was held that the young were to be trained to virtue and wisdom by the exclusive instrumentality of what the genius of the hour called Reason—usually with a capital letter. The preface to Lucy Aikin's "Poetry for Children" opens with the words:—"Since dragons and fairies, giants and witches, have vanished from our nurseries before the wand of Reason"—and then the writer proceeds to suggest that the "novel-like tale or false picture of real life may do more harm than the fairy fictions of the last generation." But she fully accepts the conclusion that it is all over with *féerie* and *diablerie*—even while she adopts a *féerie* metaphor—the wand of Reason, Reason being, one presumes, the last or Universal Fairy; and with frank simplicity speaks of the fairy fictions of "the last generation." Lucy Aikin was not much to blame for belonging to a generation that knew not Grimm (what a deliciously suitable name!); but how astonished she would feel to be told (whether truly or falsely deponent saith not) that Jack and Gill is older than the days when, at the skies,

"The Chaldee shepherd gazed  
In his mid-watch observant,"

and enfolds an astronomical formula; while the very tallest and eldest pyramid yet discovered is younger than such immortal children as "Jack the Giant Killer" and "Cinderella":—the spirit of the theme has betrayed us into unconscious paradox, but we shall not retract. Perhaps Lucy Aikin in Hades has been shown the roots of Yggdrasil, and has learned how immortal babies are begotten, and why, and has seen that the "why" involves a continuous and inexhaustible *raison d'être*. We were sorry to observe in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* a lamentation conceived a little too much in the vein of Lucy Aikin:—

"If at first sight the harvest thus reaped from lands so distant from each other seems a goodly one, it must be remembered that the grain is falling from the stalk, and the time for gathering it fast passing away. Steam and telegraphs, the hurry and whirl, the prosaic cares and selfish toil of modern life will soon leave little to be



gleaned in fields which fifty years ago were laden with crops of indescribable richness; and each labourer in his turn, as, to the best of his power, he goes through his self-imposed task, mourns that if much has been gathered much more has been lost irretrievably."

To this we boldly say—there's plenty more where these came from. If all the faiths and beliefs of men were washed out of memory to-morrow, they might, by a human intelligence competent to the task, be reconstructed from their deposits alone, and that at once. In the course of time they inevitably would be reproduced by a new human race. And the governing reason in both cases is the same—the human heart and head are ever the same, the story of life and the problems of destiny are ever the same, and the laws which govern the unconscious production of narrative-metaphor are the same, because the things to be symbolized and the symbols available for the purpose are unchanged and unchangeable.

The general conclusion of the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, and the conclusion which the majority of people would perhaps be ready to accept, is as follows:—

"If among the stories which Hindoo, Persian, Greek, or Teutonic mothers recounted to their children we find tales which turn on the same incidents, and in their most delicate touches betray the influence of precisely the same feelings, we must conclude either that these legends were passed from the one tribe or clan to the other, or that before these tribes separated from their common home, they not only possessed the germs of the future epics of Europe and Asia, but had framed a number of stories which cannot be accounted for on any hypothesis of conscious borrowing by one distinct people from another."

But are we shut up between these alternatives? There is assuredly a third supposition—whether it can be established as a true one or not—namely, that the parallelisms which exist between the legends of different nations no more imply either imitation at any time, or possession in common at any time, than the fact that Laplanders breathe implies that they learnt breathing of some other race at some far distant date. It is certainly conceivable that the raw material of the fairy tales and legends which are found to exist almost universally should be given in the universal conditions of human life, just as the raw material of all mythology may be conceived as so given. The fairy tale or nursery legend, whatever else it may be, is a metaphor cast in the mould of a story. Is it any more surprising that we should find men and women inventing the same metaphors all over the world, than that we should find the same proverbs all over the world? Captain Burton, a few years ago, published a book in which he gave a collection of African saws, the majority of which were as familiar in their essence as the best English, Spanish, or German proverbs. They were, in a word, nearly all of them old friends.

One, and perhaps the chief, objection to the idea which is suggested above is that the resemblance in form and incident is often too close to have had any cause but such as arises from original identity of place and inventor. But, in the first place, this can never be absolutely made out. There is a certain definite probability that of a certain number of men throwing dice for a certain length of time a given number will throw precisely the same numbers in that time, and even precisely the same numbers at the same moment. In the same way there is a definite, however incalculable, probability that out of millions, or rather milliards of possible combinations into which the raw material of thought, feeling, and external nature may be thrown by milliards of human beings in spontaneous effort towards a given end, a certain number of those human beings will think of exactly the same things. To affirm that very exact parallelisms are impossible, is to forget the magnitude of the problem, and the enormous yet recurring varieties in the conditions. Nor is this all; for it may, perhaps, be shown in specific cases that the correspondences were to be expected. Let us take what the *Edinburgh* reviewer considers a crucial case against our idea—the correspondence between the story of the Dog and the Sparrow in Grimm and the Hindoo story of the Nautch Girl and the Parrot. The *motif* of each of these tales is that "beings of no repute may be avengers of successful wrong-doers," and the stress of the argument against us seems to be—first, that in each case the avenger is a bird; second, that in each case the wrong-doer punishes himself; and third, that he thinks he swallows his persecutor. The second point we may omit; for really, that the wrong-doer should be the means of punishing himself is more than obvious, it is almost necessary, and could hardly fail universally to form an element in any such story. That the sinner should swallow his persecutor, or fancy he does, is very nearly on the same footing of naturalness, since birds are eatable, and to devour one's enemies is a metaphor in use almost in every place under the sun where men and women exist—a point which might be pushed much further if there

were space. All that now remains to be disposed of is the bird. But what more natural than that a bird should be thought of for the purpose of such a story-metaphor? Everywhere, and in every age, men, women, and children have had the same thoughts, feelings, and fancies about birds. In the first place, a bird is one of the smallest of animated creatures below man; and smallness, with apparent feebleness, is made essential by the *motif*. Then, a bird's capacity of flight, joined with its power of overseeing, confers upon it a range of power which is totally disproportioned to its size, and peculiar facilities in eluding attack. The bird is always a "knowing" creature too—a bearer of intelligence, like Noah's dove or Odin's ravens, or a creature of wisdom, like Minerva's owl. The intelligence of birds of different species is, perhaps, more widely discriminated than that of any other race: elephant does not differ so much from elephant, or dog from dog, in intelligence, as the sparrow or parrot and the goose. Lastly, there is always a tendency to make auguries out of birds in some way or other; the incalculability of their motions, the variety of their utterance, so like and so unlike speech, their exactly-timed relations with the seasons, their power of going suddenly out of sight, their living in forests and inaccessible places—all conspire to make them creatures of mystery to the unsophisticated mind. On the whole, then, it may not unreasonably be affirmed that this crucial case for the other side has no such bearing as that which is claimed for it.

There are two or three ways in which something very like direct and positive indications may be obtained in favour of the notion that the root-conceptions of fairy tales and legends, such as we know them, exist *per se* and inevitably in the relations of the human mind to the facts of nature and of life. Let and man of fair intelligence strip his mind of reminiscence any intention, as far as he can, and, having done that, begin, absolutely at random, and *à propos de rien*, to tell a tale which is to have the character of a fairy tale; so much *must*, of course, be presupposed, and no doubt great care—but care not beyond the reach of an intelligent, fairly self-conscious person—will be needed to prevent still more being presupposed. But the narrator will find that in this kind of half-unconscious invention he is always reproducing certain elements of human experience, and clothing them in certain forms gathered from the life outside him, which forms, upon reflection, he will find are upon the same *line* of invention as the fairy tale all over the world. It would be useless, perhaps, for any man to attempt this experiment upon the suggestion of another; for ourselves, we had several times made it, without any purpose whatever, and it has only been upon looking back that we have suspected its significance. Again, let a man in maturity, who can well remember his own childhood, compare the fancies, quaint metaphorical speeches, and improvised dramas (what children call make-believe) of his own children with what he recollects of himself as a child. And he will be apt to conclude that the fairy tale, like hope, springs eternal in the human breast; and that, if every existing legend of the kind all over the world were forgotten to-day, the manufacture would re-begin to-morrow in every inhabited corner of the globe. The reference here is not to literary productions, but to the perpetual recurrence of certain tricks of putting simple speculations into certain shapes of metaphor, gathered from the same corners of life.

One of the most remarkable points about very young children, who are, however, fully out of their babyhood, is their incapacity for wonder. No magnitude, no splendour, no suddenness of event, surprises them, or alters their way of taking everything for granted. A child would not be astonished to meet a tiger in its own street, or if the sun were to descend and bowl along the garden path. Its capacity for *pleasure* in what is new is another thing, but as to wonder, a child could take another universe or two, and not be surprised. There is no reason whatever to its little mind why dogs and bears should not talk. "Papa," said a little girl to her father, as a dog passed by apparently intent upon a long walk, "I wonder whether he made up his mind to take a walk last night, or while he was getting his breakfast this morning!" One instance will serve for a thousand. Later on, with experience, comes the sense of the wonderful—first in early adolescence, then again (with increase of knowledge) later still, and in a different form. The fairy tale or nursery legend is the product of that mood in which the mature mind—unconsciously piqued, perhaps even deeply stirred, by the contrast, at once humorous and poetic, between the simplicity and all-devouring receptivity of first vision, and the complexity and cross-linedness of life, with the boundlessness and subtle activities of nature—goes back to the child's unsurpassableness, carrying its burden of knowledge and experience with it, and in that realm finds that the raw material unconsciously gathered by the first vision is rife with symbolic



adaptations so subtle, and possessed of a power to assert themselves which has so much the character of a spell, that the mind cannot but believe the correlations—out of which issues the new product, the fairy tale—are inherent, unalterable, and common as the air. And they are. Nor will any one ever produce good *féeries* or good fantasies for the young who has not, either speculatively and with consciousness, or emotively without it, realized that the case is so.

#### THE FLIRTING FARMER.

AT certain seasons of the year, when the crops are gathered in, and there is a lull in the business of the farm, a curious style of young man may be noticed pervading the music-halls and the livelier theatres of London. He wears clothes of a provincial cut, and adopts an air of supreme knowingness, and, with an evident anxiety to appear at home in Fleet-street, succeeds in displaying turns and graces which altogether belong to the country. His stay in town is limited. He has but few friends there, and after a short time even comic songs begin to weary him, and the charms of the ballet fascinate him no longer. Still, however, he remains sufficiently long in the metropolis to catch up scraps for the decoration of his talk and of his manners in his native place. He is not in the county set, although he goes regularly to the county ball. His family are of a middle class; his father was a yeoman, and is not even reconciled to the position assumed by his son, on account of an uneasy feeling that his son has no right to it. Our friend is the flirting farmer. He is, of course, a dandy, after his own notion of the part. His views on the point tend towards very tight and horsey garments and low-crowned hats. His healthy, handsome, and vacuous countenance is invariably fringed with a border of whiskers, and of late years he no more hesitates about a moustache than would an officer in the Blues. Although he knows his business often thoroughly, it is his way at times to seem as ignorant of it as any club swell is in reality of most things. With his sisters he is grandiose and stupid; with the sisters of his friends it is at once his pleasure and his duty, so to speak, to flirt. In many nooks of our pleasant England there are cosy farms and farmers, with the sweetest farmeresses imaginable, fresh as real cream, guiltless of paint or powder, and with snug little fortunes of their own. Amongst these moves and lives the flirting farmer. The hearts he strives to break are not often fragile—indeed, as a rule, they are tough. He deals with stout organizations, not with sentimental girls whose minds are rendered febrile or attenuated by courses of hot reading and warm dancing. Many and many a time the simpering fool of whom we write misses the sincere affection of a soul instinctively strong enough to beat off the lumbering advances of its would-be conqueror, but he knows it not; for, if he knew it, he would not be what he is. What in most cases gives the flirting farmer an advantage over other types of fribbles is the fact that his position is in most cases assured, if not affluent. If he is not already tenant of acres, it will be known, to a shilling, what he is to come in for; and therefore mothers on his level allow him free access to their households, where the daughters are often compelled to put up with him for pure want of any one else. For we hold it as a creed that country girls of all classes are incomparably superior to their male relatives, and that the balance of intelligence decidedly inclines towards the sex that sees to the eggs and butter and is not concerned with the turnips or the ditching. Still, the flirting farmer has the ground, and a clear, unembarrassed stage. For years he is the social pest of the district. We do not now allude to those gentry of the Toby Toss-pot order, who establish scandalous associations with Bet Bouncer, and who drive old ladies over their tea into fits of the most virtuous indignation, but to the flirting farmer pure and simple, who never will make up his mind to take a wife. The fellow remains the constant subject of household speculation, and he is well aware of it. He chuckles on the subject every time he leans into his glass, and nightly enjoys visions of his prowess as he smokes questionable cigars. At the race ball he distributes his attentions with distracting impartiality. Half the girls have taken his measure long ago, and the dear little hypocrites, as they smile into his face in a quadrille, and twitter at his dismal attempts to be funny, have scored him as a useless bore, exhibiting a lack of the possibilities of romance; but their mothers do not regard him in the same light. Officers may be well enough for a *doux-temps*, and Jane is attractive as she swings round with Ensign Flamingo, of the neighbouring garrison town, but the farmer is an abiding and substantial fact.

A Nemesis attends the flirting farmer. He is married at last, and not always happily. He has put it off so long, and

disgusted so many by his flippant demeanour, that in the end he is obliged to get wedded almost as a necessity of business. For he must wive. A farm cannot be managed without female superintendence and economy. When the flirting farmer becomes fat, and the bloom on his cheek takes that spotty appearance indicative of years and raw winds, he finds to his dismay that gradually his hold upon the attention of his neighbours is slackening. They no longer ask him to dinner, to accompany them to church, or to a harvesting, as they did. If he is invited he is placed with the fogies, with the men of expansive waistcoats, and of fine open countenances, on which you may, so to speak, see whole farm landscapes impressed, with the poetry of the scenes omitted. There is nothing for him, if he is rejected in youthful quarters, but to ask the hand of some thrifty virgin who is versed in the mysteries of the churn and the other lore of the craft. She is, perhaps, the only one unmarried of three sisters. She has been always famous for her cookery and her management, but nature has not been kind to her in the way of face, or perhaps of temper. With such a one the farmer that once flirted jogs on for the rest of his days. Woe betide him if a touch of the old vice, a sign of the ancient leaven, a single kick over the marital traces ever exhibits itself. His lawful wife is down on him unhesitatingly. Her dairy-maids and other farm servants are miracles of ugliness. She warns off comely women from the premises as her crow-boy does birds from the newly-sown field. Does she not know her husband's tricks? She remembers how he sated to this girl, swore constancy to that, and had an attorney set upon him by the indignant family of a third. All these peccadilloes are duly registered and recounted by the careful spouse. But, as a rule, when the flirting farmer settles down he is thoroughly tamed. Size operates on him in this respect as much as any moral sense. The incongruity of corpulence and flirtation makes itself felt even upon widows, and the personage under notice succumbs to it as all must. It may, indeed, happen that, like other unworthy creatures, the flirting farmer gets a good wife, who after a while entertains a spousal faith in him. Providence is not always specially exact in meting rewards and punishments, and by some luck or chance it occasionally turns out that a country Titania weds Dick Bottom of the Home Farm without ever perceiving his ass's head. She will wreathe it perhaps in a silk handkerchief when he is bald and snoozes at the fire after dinner. If he has brains at all he recognises the value of the gift the gods have bestowed on him, and is thankful though exacting. For the flirting farmer is certain to be selfish and inconsiderate. His mind is narrow; he has never widened it by reading; he has no tastes or accomplishments, and all that is left him at the close is an appetite which is so regular that it can scarcely be called a luxury or an advantage. So he rears children and stock, and tills and drains, and cons over the county paper, and retains in his costume just a lingering disposition towards the sprightliness of his youth. It will be noted that the flirting farmer resides in constant communication with the finest displays and shows of nature, and that they have less effect on him than they have on the bullocks of his establishment. He is as prosaic as a pig, without the chance of being etherialized, as Lamb would say, into bacon. And yet he tries to play at love, at love of all things in the world. We could wish that he were permitted an hour of sense to be able to disclose his views on this subject; as it is, we can only indicate him and his existence to those of our fair readers who may come across him in his beats. He will be found worth studying, if not worth marrying; though whether the game would be worth the chase in the latter alternative is a question which women can always best judge for themselves.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE ODDITIES OF ELECTIONEERING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—There are many facts connected with the General Election which will hardly get the notice they deserve. Ordinary newspaper reports of an election meeting, a nomination, the scene at the polling-booth, and the declaration of the poll, give but small insight into what is going on amongst the people, what is being said in workshops and coffee-houses, what arguments canvassers are using to voters, what singular notions the voters themselves sometimes have of the whole affair. I venture to send you a few notes collected during the progress of the Tower Hamlets election, in which I took some part, in the hope that they may prove both suggestive and interesting to those of your readers who have not practically had experience of electioneering.



The Tower Hamlets is an aggregation of four or five great cities, where are found colonies of men, of almost all crafts, trades, and occupations—many thousands politically educated, many thousands knowing nothing about politics or parties. The Conservative candidate came into the field many months before the election, and at once began to work in thorough earnest, using all the influence that a great brewer can command. He was connected, too, with many charitable objects, schools, &c. He had been a sugar-refiner; the interest of that trade in all its ramifications was brought to bear in his favour. Many paid canvassers were set busily at work; if the harvest had been according to the labour, the crop of "Conservative working men" would have been a large one. Then a great shipbuilder, professing Liberal opinions, came into the field, and was early at work with the usual election machinery. The President of the Reform League, and a resident possessing some vestry and parish influence, were also candidates.

The intelligent and politically-educated among the working men were, almost without an exception, on the Liberal side. On the other hand, their ignorant brethren, who, as a rule, did not know which way to vote, did not know what was the effect of a vote, and scarcely knew what the whole election was about, were greatly bewildered. Some of the curious results of this ignorance which transpired at the polling-booths I shall mention by-and-by. In the mean time they received polite lithographed letters (which they supposed to be *written*), addressed to them as "esquires"; plausible gentlemen called on them and "told flattering tales"; if they elected the Conservative there would be "the sugar-trade revived," "no fourpenny rate," "Epping Forest for the working classes," &c. The men, thus puzzled and bewildered, in many cases signed the papers and cards left with them, and actually imagined that they had thus recorded their vote. It was difficult to persuade some that they had not voted.

The Liberals grew anxious, but, as we know, the old Liberal member, without a paid canvasser, and using only one public-house as a committee-room, won a decided victory. In a constituency of 30,000, some 35,000 votes were given by about 22,000 voters, the Conservative polling 7,446. It was interesting to watch the growth of opinion and feeling which led up to this result. Working men of all sorts attended the meetings in thousands. There was a feeling amongst some of the small shopkeepers, that whichever candidate would help to lower the rates was the man for them. Mr. Ayrton had been member for eleven years, and the rates had not been lowered, so they thought they could do no worse by changing. I am convinced that it was among this class there was the least appreciation of the political honour and duty of an elector. But among the working men (while, doubtless, personal interest prompted many votes) considerable numbers of votes were lost to the Liberal cause through the diligence of the Conservative paid canvassers. Some voters said to the Liberal canvassers: "I am sorry you did not call before, I have given my vote." Not a few were going to vote on both sides, "to oblige." Sometimes the husband looked at the wife, and the wife looked back at the husband, and neither could be got to say anything—it was a case where "they had not made up their mind." There were a considerable number here and there who "hadn't made up their minds," and looked with curious shyness at the canvassers. One respectable woman, whose husband was out, said: "Are you against the Church?" "Oh dear, no, we are for the Church." She hesitated; the total abolition of Church and Sunday had evidently become a deep-seated fear. "But you are not against the Church?" she again suggested, anxiously.

A small shopkeeper, with considerable arrogance, inquired "what Mr. Ayrton said to his letter?" The canvassers were ignorant on that point. He then told them that he was secretary, or treasurer, or both, to a society in the neighbourhood; that the society had great influence; that he had great influence; that he had written the day before for a contribution to his society, and expected a reply.

Perhaps the most favourite epithet applied to the Conservative candidate was "Yarmouth Bloater," in allusion to his having lost his seat for Yarmouth through bribery. On the nomination day, a solitary bloater, fastened to a stick, was a conspicuous object; a party of "Conservative working men" succeeded in capturing it, and waving the stick in triumph before their chief. Ten minutes after, attenuated "three-a-penny" bloaters, borne on halfpenny canes, made their appearance on the outskirts of the crowd, and a good stout one was held up about four feet in front of the "Yarmouth" candidate, while he attempted to make a speech.

Some of the most curious incidents took place at the polling-booth. There is little doubt that in the early part of the day many working men left the booth without voting; they say

that the polling-clerks refused to take their votes unless they gave their register number, and in some cases they were told incorrectly that they had no vote. Many voters did not understand that they could give two votes; and some had the strangest ideas as to what "plumpers" were. Some found that their friends or relatives had already voted for them. A woman wanted to vote for her son, who could not come. It was at times a great struggle to get through the crowd to the booth, so that some of the exhausted voters—especially the older ones—could hardly say what they wanted. One patriotic old gentleman over eighty years of age, having with great difficulty got to the polling-place, could not recollect the name of a candidate, but said indistinctly, "Gladstone—Gladstone." He was carefully attended to, and his memory assisted. The vestry and parish candidate, who called himself the working man's representative, appealed at last to his supporters to put aside party feeling, plump for him, and get their rates relieved.

These are but stray incidents and facts which have come under my own observation, but they may be interesting to those who are often puzzled by the incomprehensible results of the polling-day in unquestionably Liberal boroughs. I have actually met men who supposed that the ticket sent them by one or other of the candidates (telling them their number on the lists, &c.) was itself the vote; and who had a confused notion that they could give this vote to a friend or neighbour by handing over to him the printed card.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

DOWN-FAST.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

M. EDMOND ABOUT has been commenting in the *Gaulois* on the present state of opinion in France with reference to the condition and prospects of the Empire. The writer has just returned from a month's tour in the country, and during his perambulations he collected the facts on which his judgment is based. He avers that the peasantry are still for the most part faithful to the Napoleonic dynasty, though some are beginning to grumble at the increase of taxation. The artisans are also, he says, inclined to look favourably on the Imperial Government, having been won over to that side (for they were certainly opposed to it for a long while) by the appeals that have been made to their interests. But the middle classes are bitterly opposed to the Emperor, and their animosity increases every day. In the time of Louis Philippe, they had the predominant influence; now they are completely overshadowed. They consider themselves ill-treated, and therefore do their utmost to harass the Government by "a war of skirmishes." No doubt this is a tolerably exact statement of the case; but it suggests some curious reflections. If the peasantry and the artisans are in the main on the side of the Emperor, it is clear that he has still a very large majority; and this being the epoch in which most things are settled by the power of numbers, the Second Empire is not likely to be upset, or even seriously inconvenienced by the "skirmishes" of discontented shopkeepers and literary men. Any attempt at an open rising would assuredly be put down by the army; and, according to M. About, the army would have the moral support of the great mass of the nation. But it is singular to find all this plain-speaking coming from such a source. Until recently, M. Edmond About was a devoted Imperialist; and up to the time of announcing that the Government had discovered an enormous conspiracy (for which statement it was threatened with a prosecution, which seems to have been dropped), the *Gaulois* was supposed to be a semi-official organ. But from one source or another we now learn a good deal of what is going on in France; and the progress of opinion is well worth watching.

THE prisoners Monti and Tognetti, who for some time past have lain under sentence of death for being concerned in the blowing up of barracks at Rome during the ineffectual rising last year, were executed on Tuesday morning. According to the original announcement, the sentence was to be carried out on the very day the Prince and Princess of Piedmont were to leave Florence for Naples; for which reason the Royal pair went by way of Foggia, so as to avoid crossing the Papal territory. The execution, however, took place on another day, and the Pontifical Government has carried out its resolutions without absolutely insulting Italy. Of the executions themselves there is of course nothing to be said. However much we, as Englishmen and Protestants, may desire the temporal power of the Pope to be upset, we cannot expect his Holiness to see the



matter in the same light; and it must always be conceded that every Government has the right to protect itself against violent subversion. Besides, blowing up barracks is not a very honourable mode of warfare. But all these things must weigh heavily on poor Mazzini, who, though not dead, as reported, has been very ill, and is only just recovering.

MR. GLADSTONE has published an explanation of his political conduct with reference to the Irish Church, under the designation of "A Chapter of Autobiography." Going back to the year 1838, he sets forth the main proposition of his celebrated work, entitled "The State in its Relations with the Church," which was that the State should take cognizance of religious truth and error, and should give actual support to the former. He has since relinquished this view, for reasons which we could not fairly summarize in a paragraph, but which place him more in harmony than formerly with those who assert that religion is a question for the individual conscience, and that one form should not be favoured at the expense of others. He quotes a passage from his book of 1838 showing that even at that time he himself contemplated the existence of a state of things—as in America, or perhaps in some of the British colonies—in which, owing to many divisions and subdivisions of religious communities, the Government might be incapacitated from acting in matters of religion; "or, again," he adds, "there may be a State in which the members of the Government may be of one faith or persuasion, the mass of the subjects of another, and hence there may be an external incapacity to act in matters of religion." This being then, as it is now, precisely the case of Ireland, it is strange that Mr. Gladstone did not object to the English Establishment in Ireland at the period in question; but he says that his views did not begin to change until Sir Robert Peel, in 1844, resolved to remodel and increase the grant to Maynooth. In consequence of that resolution, Mr. Gladstone retired from the Cabinet, and considered that he was placed in a new position towards the Church in Ireland. It having been determined to support in some degree a religion which he believed to be false, he could no longer vindicate the Anglo-Irish Church on the ground that the State was bound to support the truth, and the truth only. Ever since then, he tells us, the idea of disestablishing the Irish Church has been growing up in his mind, though only by slow gradations; and he quotes some statements of political friends, and extracts from speeches of his own, to show that he gave several indications of his tendencies previous to the death of Lord Palmerston. The letter to Dr. Hannah, of which so much has been made, and in which Mr. Gladstone, in June, 1865, spoke of the Irish Church question as being "apparently remote," and referred to "the responsibility attaching to the opening" of the subject, is printed at full length, and the writer argues that he could not at that time have anticipated that he should be called on to propose the reform now being agitated before the country. One of the most interesting features of the pamphlet is a correspondence between Mr. Gladstone and Macaulay in 1839, with reference to the review of "The State in its Relations with the Church" written by the latter in the *Edinburgh*. The two authors, though disagreeing *in toto*, conducted their discussion with a courtesy not very usual in literary warfare. On the whole, it is to be regretted that a man in Mr. Gladstone's exalted position should have thought it necessary to make this vindication of himself. It was not required by his friends, and his enemies are not likely to be convinced by anything he can say.

THE ladies of Northampton have presented Mr. Bradlaugh with a gold pencil-case to console him for his defeat. The following description of the meeting is taken from Mr. Bradlaugh's journal, the *National Reformer* :—

"The scene was really affecting, tears of the purest affection rolled down the cheeks of those who had learned honestly to love one with whom they were about to part for a time. Henceforth the name of Charles Bradlaugh will be an honoured household word in Northampton. Men, women, and children alike truly worship him. Such genuine feeling is rarely witnessed. The pencil-case was accompanied with the following brief, but expressive address :—'Sir,—We, ladies of Northampton, having still a devotion to your cause and good feeling, respectfully request you to receive this small testimonial, as a token of respect and attachment. Although defeated now, we sincerely hope from our hearts that you will be triumphant on a future occasion.'"

Mr. Bradlaugh also publishes a few remarks on his retirement into private life, but they are prematurely cut short, for, he says, "Of the women who wept over my defeat, my heart is at present too full to write."

RELIGIOUS questions have entered largely into the present election, but it would scarcely be expected that in Scotland the Bible would have been ransacked for squibs. A placard was issued by the opponents of Mr. M'Combie, the member for West Aberdeenshire, containing the following extract from the Apocrypha :—

"How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows; and is diligent to give the kine fodder. He shall not be sought for in public counsel, nor sit high in the congregation: he shall not sit on the judge's seat, nor understand the sentence of judgment: he cannot declare justice and judgment, and shall not be found where parables are spoken."—Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 25–33.

In reply Mr. M'Combie's supporters issued the following hand-bill "not from the Apocrypha" :—

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—Prov. xxii. 29. 'Blessed shall be the fruit of thy cattle. The Lord shall cause thine enemies that rise up against thee to be smitten before thy face: they shall come out against thee one way, and shall flee before thee seven ways.'—Deut. xxviii. 7."

It will be seen that the issue of the election upheld the authority of the Canonical Books.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires why the footway at the sides of the Cannon-street bridge is not open to the public. Pedestrians would gladly avail themselves of it in preference to London-bridge, which is not only inconveniently crowded, but is, moreover, the most disagreeable of our metropolitan bridges, being dusty in dry weather and muddy in wet. While on this subject, we would ask how long the bridge across the foot of Ludgate-hill is to remain in its disgracefully unfinished state? The work was allowed to be constructed on the ground of public utility and on the condition of a proper footway being provided for passengers wishing to cross the street, but the railway company have not carried out their undertaking. We do not know whose duty it is to attend to the matter, but it is high time that some one interfered in the interests of the public.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EWART'S "Report on the Proper Principle of Drainage to be adopted in the Towns of Oxford, Eton, Windsor, and Abingdon" has been printed by order of the Home Office, and presents some points worthy of consideration. It appears that in pursuance of the Thames Navigation Act, 1866, the conservators of the river gave notice to the above-mentioned towns to remove their sewage from the Thames within thirteen months. The whole of these towns are situated on the banks of the river, and their system of drainage has been to pour the whole of their foul matter, mixed with rainfall and subsoil water, into the Thames. To get rid of the sewage by spreading it over the adjacent land, however, was a difficult task, as the situation of the towns is such as to render it impossible to rely on gravitation for the distribution of the matter. The local authorities, therefore, memorialized the Secretary of State to appoint an engineer to advise them on the course they ought to adopt; and Colonel Ewart was accordingly commissioned by Mr. Gathorne Hardy to discharge this office. The colonel now reports that in his opinion the sewage matter should be separated from the rainfall and surface drainage; that the former should be utilized by being used for the manuring of the land (at the rate of about an acre to every 100 of the population), and that the latter should be allowed to pass into the river, or, in the case of rain-water, should be stored in tanks for domestic use. The plan may be attended by some difficulties, but the towns up the Thames cannot be permitted any longer to poison the stream from which we derive a large part of our water for drinking. Having purified the Thames at London, it must not remain at the mercy of Oxford, Eton, Windsor, and Abingdon.

LONDON has at length got a meat and poultry market worthy of the greatest city in the world. The new market in Smithfield, of which the corner-stone was laid rather more than two years ago, and which stands on the site of the old pens formerly occupying the vast area, was opened on Tuesday afternoon by the Lord Mayor. The building, of red brick and Portland stone, is handsomely built, and presents a very imposing appearance from the exterior. A public roadway, under cover, runs through the market from north to south, and this is intersected at right angles by the central avenue. The ventilation and management of the light are said to be particularly good; handsome shops, including offices or temporary dwelling-rooms, are pro-



vided for the dealers; and underneath is an enormous cellar, made at the expense of various railway companies, and intended as a vast depot for meat and other commodities. The market itself is reared above this cellar on iron girders and brick arches; and nothing seems to have been omitted calculated to render the place convenient for the purposes it is designed to serve.

How much may be drunk at an inaugural banquet is a curious question, very difficult to determine, as we all know that the feasting on these occasions is apt to be rather extensive. But some light has been thrown on the question by an action tried the other day at the Court of Common Pleas. Mr. Lafitteau, the agent of a wine merchant, sued two persons for £116, for wine used at the banquet at the New Market, King's-cross. "A Mr. Shackle, an auctioneer and wine merchant, agreed to furnish the wine for £50. Lafitteau's was tasted, approved, supplied, drunk, and paid for by a cheque of Shackle's which was not honoured. The defendants now said that their contract was with Shackle, and only to the extent of £50. About 180 persons attended the banquet, the Common-Serjeant being in the chair, and 521 bottles of wine were drunk. It was proposed by Shackle, who is now a bankrupt, that nothing was to be paid for the champagne, as it would be a good advertisement; but, at any rate, the amount spent was not to exceed £50." A verdict was given for the plaintiff for the amount claimed, which certainly does not seem too much for 521 bottles of wine. But what was the condition, at the end of the feast, of the 180 gentlemen who had divided the bottles of wine among them?

THE *Lanterne* still gets itself conveyed over the Belgian frontier into France, and the customs officers are in despair. A little while ago these gentlemen were struck by the number of plaster busts of the Emperor that were being imported, and one *douanier*, whose suspicions overcame his reverence, smashed the Imperial head, and found it stuffed with M. Rochefort's pamphlet. Emboldened by success, they have now broken up a large consignment of pasties, and discovered—venison. The owner of the pies demands compensation from the Government.

CONSOLS are at 94½ to 95 for both money and the account. The railway market has been principally occupied with carrying forward transactions for the next monthly settlement, and prices at which business was done were generally lower. Business in foreign securities has been brisk at improved prices. Colonial Government securities continue firm, but the market has been quiet. Some of the best description of bank shares have improved. Mining shares have been quiet. Miscellaneous are without any important variation. At a meeting of the English bondholders and creditors of the Italian Irrigation Company the annexed resolutions were adopted:—"1. That this meeting considers that the interests of the English bondholders and creditors will be best served by leaving the matter of the Concordat in the hands of the agents of the respective classes in Italy. 2. That, in the opinion of this meeting, it is most important in the common interests of all that the affairs should be taken out of bankruptcy, and the payment of interest resumed on the 1st of January next." A prospectus has been issued of the Islington Railway Company, with a capital of £800,000, exclusively in shares of £20. The proposal is to carry the line from the City station of the Metropolitan Railway at Finsbury to Islington-green, with an intermediate station near the Eagle Tavern, in the City-road. It is to be constructed throughout on arches, with the peculiar feature of a three-foot gauge.

THE coupon due on the Honduras Railway Loan on the 1st of January has been announced for payment, at the London and County Bank, on that date. The trustees, having also received the necessary funds for the dividends due on April 1 and July 1, 1868, give notice that they are prepared to immediately prepay those coupons under discount at the Bank rate. At the meeting of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Right Hon. the Earl of Kimberley in the chair, after some remarks from Messrs. L. N. Bonar, Chas. J. Eley, Wm. Newmarch, and H. Skynner, the report was adopted, and the governor and deputy-governor re-elected unanimously. The *ad interim* dividend was also declared payable as usual in January next. The particulars are published of 3,004 bonds, amounting to £77,920, of the Viceroy of Egypt's Loan of 1865, which were drawn on the 20th inst., and are to be paid off at par on the 8th of January. The annexed traffic memorandum is from the

Madras Railway Company:—The traffic receipts on this company's south-west line for the quarter ending 30th September last amounted to £97,243, against £88,796 for the corresponding period of last year. On the north-west line the receipts for the three months have been £34,204, or £210 per mile on an average of 163 miles open, against £22,327, or £146 per mile on 153 miles open for the same period of the previous year. The receipts on both lines together have been £131,447, against £111,123, showing an increase of £20,324, or 18½ per cent. on the quarter, the length of line worked over on the north-west line having been at the same time increased by ten miles. Letters from St. Petersburg allege that the bonds of another Russian railway will probably soon be offered in London and Berlin. The amount is equal to £1,716,000 sterling, with an absolute guarantee of the Russian Government of 5 per cent., and of 1-10th per cent. for a sinking fund.

THE directors' report of the Anglo-Egyptian Banking Company (Limited) has been adopted, and a dividend of £1.10s. per share declared, free of income-tax, making, with a previous payment, 12½ per cent. for the year. At the annual meeting of the Ilfracombe Hotel Company (Limited) the report was adopted, and a dividend of 6 per cent. declared. The meeting was then made special, and a resolution, to be confirmed at a subsequent meeting, passed, authorizing the further issue of debentures to the extent of £5,000. At an extraordinary general meeting of the Malta and Mediterranean Gas Company (Limited) a dividend of 2 per cent. was declared for the half-year. The directors anticipate that the distribution will be raised to 5 per cent. for the twelve months at the meeting to be held in May next. The Imperial Continental Gas Association have declared a dividend of £2.10s. per share and a bonus of £1 per share upon the 28,000 shares of the association for the half-year ended the 30th June last. At the meeting of the Don Pedro (Brazilian) Gold Company, Mr. Haymen in the chair, a dividend of 3s. 6d. for the quarter was declared, being at the rate of 100 per cent. per annum.

#### MEMORANDA.

MR. BROWNING'S first intention with regard to his new poem, "The Ring and the Book," was, we understand, to publish it in twelve monthly parts—an arrangement which would have borne a ludicrous resemblance to the publication of some serial novels. Even the issue of four instalments will appear odd to some; but it may be explained by the nature of the poem, which is the story of an Italian trial for murder told by a number of different persons. The object of the poem is the development of the character of each narrator; but the repetition of the story might have become tiresome had the whole been published at once. Readers will, by the present arrangement, have an opportunity of getting well acquainted with the incidents and bearings of the story in the first part issued; and, these being properly disposed of, will be able to proceed to the next instalment with fresh interest. It is not necessary at a banquet that all the courses should be on the table at the beginning of the feast.

The Society of Painters in Water Colours opened their seventh winter exhibition at 5, Pall-mall East, on Monday last. We propose to speak in detail of the pictures next week. In the mean time, it may be said that the exhibition is a very good one.

On Monday evening a hitherto neglected sonata, by Porpora, was performed at the Monday Popular Concerts. The work is a very beautiful one, ornate, a trifle methodical in parts, and, in the Allegretto moderato, redundant of those trills which Consuelo's master loved. It was admirably played on the violin by M. Sainton, and there was a pianoforte accompaniment, written by M. David, played by Mr. Benedict.

"Townshend on Slander and Libel" is the title of a work just issued by a firm of New York publishers. We commend the book to the careful attention of the electioneering agents who have been busy for weeks past hatching scandalous and lying stories about several distinguished Liberal candidates.

Offenbach's wife has just become possessed of £20,000, a sum left by her great-great-grandfather, whose will has only just been proved. Doubtless Madame Offenbach will not complain of the law's delay.

Her husband, on the other hand, has just been offered £1,000 by Mr. Howard Paul, to write the music to a continuation of the story of the "Grand Duchesse," under the title of "The Grand Duchess more Married than Settled." Mr. Paul's suggestion is, we learn, "that the vivacious duchess should marry Prince Paul and hen-peck him; that a blacksmith should be sent for to put straight the twisted sabre *de mon père*, and that a legend of the celebrated sabre should be given. The libretto will be furnished by two English authors. If M. Offenbach accepts this offer it will be the first English libretto he has attempted."

Mr. H. J. Byron is playing in his own drama, "Blow for Blow," at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. Mr. Byron takes the part of Mr. Spraggs, which Mr. Honey now assumes at the Holborn.



Winter is coming on, and a sum of £50,000 is wanted—not to supply food or coals to the poor and starving, but to complete the building of Her Majesty's Opera House. Earl Dudley has but a short interest in the property, and will not help; while his successors also decline to lend their aid. The ordinary course, under such circumstances, is to open a subscription-list in the daily papers, and appeal to the benevolent.

We mentioned last week a project of introducing serpents as performers in a drama. The other day, as "Othello" was being played in the Theatre Royal of that cheerful and fragrant seaport, Greenock, a large rat appeared on the stage, and approached the footlights. Desdemona and Emilia were sadly frightened, and the latter, indeed, screamed. Iago seemed rather puzzled as to what he ought to do; and so the rat, having run about in a bewildered way from one side of the stage to the other, eventually escaped by one of the wings. The audience applauded the amateur performer heartily.

The National Choral Society begins its ninth season on Wednesday next, when Dr. Sterndale Bennett's cantata, "The Woman of Samaria" will be performed. There will also be a selection from "Acis and Galatea," with Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night." The performance, as usual, will be given in Exeter Hall.

Complaints are beginning to be made in Germany, says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, of the neglected state in which Albert Dürer's house is left in his native city of Nürnberg. A recent visitor to the house records his impressions of it, which, as regard its outside appearance, are not unfavourable, but the interior betokens neglect and bad taste. Photography, lithography, and xylography are indeed called into service for the adornment of the rooms, in one of which the young Albert Dürer Society formerly held its meetings, and sang, and dined, and dreamt of immortality while sitting beneath the motto—"Anch' io son pittore." Long-haired associates, with old German caps, sang lustily, deep into the wee hours—

"And drinking, drinking, drinking,  
Shattered the glasses and stamped with their feet,  
While thinking, thinking, thinking."

This society, the visitor states, has now fallen into a quieter mood, and little is to be heard and little seen of its doings.

We have heard of an Irish editor whose subscribers were in the habit of paying for their newspaper by periodical quantities of hay, fresh eggs, &c.; but it is not recorded that the system was of the editor's own promotion. The following announcement, however, is taken from the *Cheyenne (Wyoming) Argus*:—"Coal and wood wanted at this office, to be paid for in advertisements, subscriptions, and printing."

The first of a series of nine lectures on the History of Painting was delivered, on Wednesday, in the Crystal Palace School of Art, by Dr. Heinemann, F.L.S.

We (*Scientific Opinion*) learn with much pleasure that Dr. Carter Blake, F.G.S., has been appointed to the vacant Chair of Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy and Zoology at Westminster Hospital School of Medicine.

A meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers was held on Tuesday evening, Charles Hutton Gregory, Esq., President, in the chair. The paper read was on "The Roman Rock Lighthouse, Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope," by Mr. John Frederick Bourne, M.Inst.C.E. The object of this communication was to point out the causes of failure of the original structure, and to give an account of the mode of securing the tower against further injury. It was announced that the monthly ballot for members would take place at the next meeting, Tuesday, December 1st, when the following paper would be read:—"Description of the River Witham and its Estuary," by Mr. W. H. Wheeler, M.Inst.C.E.

A meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held on Monday, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Bart., K.C.B., President, in the chair. The paper read was "Travels in Manchuria," by the Rev. Alexander Williamson. The author gave a description of this little-known region lying to the north-east of China Proper, and which he had traversed in various directions during the years 1864, 1866, 1867, and 1868. The country resembled Canada in its climate and productions, but was superior to it in mineral wealth, and in its seaports in the Gulf of Liau-tung being open all the year round. In summer the temperature varies from 70° to 90°; the crops ripen in a few months, and by the end of October everything is safely housed. The bulk of the inhabitants are Chinese immigrants, or descendants of immigrants from the northern provinces of China. They have settled in all the principal places, and the present Government encourages them by selling them land at nominal prices, so that the immigration increases year by year. The Manchus are generally agriculturists, and in dress, customs, and language, difficult to be distinguished from the Chinese. The nomadic propensity in the Manchus seems to have died out. Southern Manchuria contains a population estimated at 12,000,000; Central Manchuria has from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000. An animated discussion followed the reading of the paper, in which Mr. J. McLeavy Brown, Secretary to the Chinese Legation, General Sir Hope Grant, and Mr. W. Lockhart took part.

The next meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce will be held on December 2. The paper to be read is—"Further Notes on the Productive Industries of Natal," by Dr. Mann, Superintendent of Education and Special Commissioner for the colony.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S PRIVATE DIARY.\*

This collection (arranged in chronological order, of course, but unfortunately wanting an index) of passages from the diary or note-book of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne will gratify a considerable amount of what is, in our opinion, quite legitimate curiosity. That Hawthorne's private life should have been really private was, of course, well; and that so shy and so quietly proud a man should, in his writings, give the world no hint of his private affairs was to be expected; but, in consequence chiefly of the very peculiar character of the writings of the author of "The Scarlet Letter," serious students of his books were, from time to time, tormented by accesses of curiosity about the man himself. Was he married or single? Was he, if married, happily married? Had he children? and, if so, what kind of beings were they? The elaborate finish of his writings was proof sufficient that he was not poor, in the strong sense of the word; and their purity was proof that their author had never had other than a pure and living soul; but their incessant, though timid and ostensibly only artistic, touches of sacred scepticism (as though the man habitually lived in some sphere in which shadows were perpetually interfering with his vision of substances) compelled the reader to wonder what sort of life he had been from the first. How came perfect innocence to know so much, and to make such strange speculations? Of his manner of workmanship no literary workman could for a moment doubt—it is obviously an elaborating manner, in which a cell-idea is developed into a many-coloured, many-membered, though simple whole; and this the Note-books superabundantly confirm. As to the early life of Hawthorne, they say nothing, because they contain no retrospect. An extract given (in the preface) from "Our Old Home" shows, in a striking light, his own consciousness of what we pointed out in a former article upon his writings—namely, a want of direct speculative power:—

"These and other sketches, with which, in a somewhat rougher form than I have given them here, my journal was copiously filled, were intended for the side scenes and backgrounds and exterior adornment of a work of fiction, of which the plan had imperfectly developed itself in my mind, and into which I ambitiously proposed to convey more of various modes of truth than I could have grasped by a direct effort."

The extracts cover the space between 1835 and 1853; they include the Brook-Farm episode, and (though that is not mentioned in the preface) what will please those who recollect that beautiful piece of quiet humour, the Introduction to "The Scarlet Letter"—namely, Hawthorne's custom-house experiences. They include, we are told, "a time when the author had to struggle with difficulties before he became famous by the publication of 'The Scarlet Letter';" but we find no trace in any part of the work of what most literary men would understand by the word "struggle." And a "struggle," in that sense, might well have damaged the tender bloom of a genius like Hawthorne's—never so well described by any prose pen as by Lowell's most admirable verse:—

"There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare,  
That you hardly at first see the strength that is there;  
A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,  
So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet,  
Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet;  
'Tis as if a rough oak that for ages had stood,  
With his gnarled bony branches like ribs of the wood,  
Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe,  
With a single anemone trembly and rathe;  
His strength is so tender, his wildness so meek,  
That a suitable parallel sets one to seek,—  
He's a John Bunyan Fouqué, a Puritan Tieck;  
When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted  
For making so full-sized a man as she wanted,  
So, to fill out her model, a little she spared  
From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared,  
And she could not have hit a more excellent plan  
For making him fully and perfectly man."

The volume appears to have been edited by Mrs. Hawthorne; at least, that is the reading we give to the occasional foot-notes signed "S. H."

To begin with, then, Hawthorne was married. He appears to have had very intelligent children—all, or some of them, full of poetic instinct. On one of these pages it is recorded that a little son of his said, "When I have grown up, I mean to be two men"—intending to say that he would be very strong.

\* Passages from the American Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Author of "Transformation," "Our Old Home," &c. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.



Again, taking up a handful of autumn-red maple-leaves, he cried, "Papa, here is a handful of fire!" And there are other touches of the same kind. Later on in the notes he makes a remark which only a happy husband could have made, that a lighthouse was a fit place for a couple to spend their honeymoon or their first year in. We infer that the house in which he dwelt when first married was the Old Manse, the neighbourhood of which he has made so dear to some of us, and, in any case, here is a picture, in his own words, of his earlier wedded days:—

"It is usually supposed that the cares of life come with matrimony; but I seem to have cast off all care, and live on with as much easy trust in Providence as Adam could possibly have felt before he had learned that there was a world beyond Paradise. My chief anxiety consists in watching the prosperity of my vegetables, in observing how they are affected by the rain or sunshine, in lamenting the blight of one squash and rejoicing at the luxurious growth of another. It is as if the original relation between man and nature were restored in my case, and as if I were to look exclusively to her for the support of my Eve and myself—to trust to her for food and clothing, and all things needful, with the full assurance that she would not fail me."

"Even out of the midst of happiness I have sometimes sighed and groaned; for I love the sunshine, and the greenwoods, and the sparkling blue water; and it seems as if the picture of our inward bliss should be set in a beautiful frame of outward nature. . . . As to the daily course of our life, I have written with pretty commendable diligence, averaging from two to four hours a day; and the result is seen in various magazines. I might have written more, if it had seemed worth while; but I was content to earn only so much gold as might suffice for our immediate wants, having prospect of official station and emolument which would do away with the necessity of writing for bread. Those prospects have not yet had their fulfilment; and we are well content to wait, because an office would inevitably remove us from our present happy home—at least from an outward home; for there is an inner one that will accompany us wherever we go. Meantime, the magazine people do not pay their debts; so that we taste some of the inconveniences of poverty. It is an annoyance, not a trouble."

"Every day I trudge through snow and slish to the village, look into the post-office, and spend an hour at the reading-room; and then return home, generally without having spoken a word to a human being. . . . In the way of exercise I saw and split wood, and, physically I never was in a better condition than now. This is chiefly owing, doubtless, to a satisfied heart, in aid of which comes the exercise above mentioned, and about a fair proportion of intellectual labour."

Here, then, the curiosity of the curious is satisfied. But there remain other sources of interest in these notes. Of a very great number of those writings of Hawthorne with which we are so familiar, the germs are to be found in these pages in suggestions jotted down by the author as the thoughts occurred to him. Here is the germ-idea of old Roger Chillingworth's later life:—

"To show the effect of gratified revenge. As an instance, merely, suppose a woman sues her lover for breach of promise, and gets the money by instalments, through a long series of years. At last, when the miserable victim were utterly trodden down, the triumpher would have become a very devil of evil passions—they having overgrown his whole nature; so that a far greater evil would have come upon himself than on his victim."

Here is the germ of that wonderful tale, "The Birth-Mark":—

"A person to be in the possession of something as perfect as mortal man has a right to demand; he tries to make it better, and ruins it entirely."

On page 269 of the same volume we find the note "Pandora's box for a child's story;" and in another page, the sending to press of the "Tanglewood Tales" is noted. Here is the hint of the poison-breath of the girl in "Rappaccini's Daughter"—

"A story there passeth of an Indian king that sent unto Alexander a fair woman, fed with aconite and other poisons, with this intent complexionally to destroy him.—*Sir T. Browne.*"

And on page 273 we have another hint towards the "Birth-Mark," though the close differs:—

"A person to be the death of his beloved in trying to raise her to more than mortal perfection; yet this should be a comfort to him for having aimed so highly and holily."

Here is "Earth's Holocaust":—

"A bonfire to be made of the gallows and of all symbols of evil."

On page 46, Vol. II. we find the original (too long to quote) of Priscilla in "The Blithedale Romance," though Hawthorne there reads her temperament *en sens invers*. Here is something which the readers of that romance will at once call to mind in another place:—

"Fourier states that, in the progress of the world, the ocean is to lose its saltiness, and acquire the taste of a peculiarly flavoured lemonade."

On page 31 of the same volume we find (too long for quotation) the first sketch of "The Procession of Life." But the examples of the kind which we have noted are far too numerous to be all reproduced, and we must pass on to another point or two. Take one or two passages illustrating the peculiar oscillating balance (if the phrase may be pardoned) of Hawthorne's mind in moral matters:—

"A story to show how we are all wronged and wrongers, and avenge one another."

Again—the italics are ours,—

"Query, in relation to the man's missing wife, how much desire and resolution of doing her duty by her husband can a wife retain while injuring him in *what is deemed* the most essential point?"

Thackeray, when somebody blamed him for winding up "Esmond" as he did, answered, "I couldn't help it, ma'am; the characters all arranged it among themselves." The following memorandum is interesting:—

"A person to be writing a tale, and to find that it shapes itself against his intentions; that the characters act otherwise than he thought; that unforeseen events occur; and a catastrophe comes which he strives in vain to avert. It might shadow forth his own fate—he having made himself one of the personages."

We will close our extracts with a few passages more intimate and personal in their character. Hawthorne, having visited his bachelor lodgings at Salem, makes the following entry:—

"Here I am, in my old chamber, where I produced those stupendous works of fiction which have since impressed the universe with wonderment and awe! To this chamber, doubtless, in all succeeding ages, pilgrims will come to pay their tribute of reverence;—they will put off their shoes at the threshold for fear of desecrating the tattered old carpets! 'There,' they will exclaim, 'is the very bed in which he slumbered, and where he was visited by those ethereal visions which he afterwards fixed for ever in glowing words! There is the washstand at which this exalted personage cleansed himself from the stains of earth, and rendered his outward man a fitting exponent of the pure soul within! There, in its mahogany frame, is the dressing-glass, which often reflected that noble brow, those hyacinthine locks, that mouth bright with smiles or tremulous with feeling, that flashing or melting eye, that—in short, every item of the magnanimous face of this unexampled man! There is the pine table—there the old flag-bottomed chair on which he sat, and at which he scribbled, during his agonies of inspiration! There is the old chest of drawers in which he kept what shirts a poor author may be supposed to have possessed! There is the closet in which was reposed his threadbare suit of black! There is the worn-out shoe-brush with which this polished writer polished his boots! There is—' but I believe this will be pretty much all, so here I close the catalogue."

The picture of the kind of life he lived after his marriage, when Mrs. Hawthorne was away on a visit, is very delightful:—

"I am afraid I shall be too busy washing my dishes to pay many visits. The washing of dishes does seem to me the most absurd and unsatisfactory business that I ever undertook. If, when once washed, they would remain clean for ever and ever (which they ought in all reason to do, considering how much trouble it is), there would be less occasion to grumble; but no sooner is it done, than it requires to be done again. On the whole, I have come to the resolution not to use more than one dish at each meal. However, I moralize deeply on this and other matters, and have discovered that all the trouble and affliction in the world come from the necessity of cleansing away our earthly stains."

"I ate the last morsel of bread yesterday, and congratulate myself on being now reduced to the rag-end of necessity. Nothing worse can happen, according to ordinary modes of thinking, than to want bread; but, like most afflictions, it is more in prospect than reality. I found one cracker in the tureen, and exulted over it as if it had been so much gold. However, I have sent a petition to Mrs. P.—stating my destitute condition, and imploring her succour; and, till it arrive, I shall keep myself alive on herrings and apples, together with part of a pint of milk, which I share with Leo."

In a very short time some ladies of the neighbourhood bring him bread, and he is again well provisioned. There is a kind "Mrs. P.," who even takes him a plum-pudding. Lastly, we will quote an entry which vividly connects Hawthorne with the Old Country:—

"Memorials of the family of Hawthorne in the church of the village of Dundry, Somersetshire, England. The church is ancient and small, and has a prodigiously high tower of more modern date, being erected in the time of Edward IV. It serves as a landmark for an amazing extent of country."

The character of Hawthorne, though in part disclosed to us by these notes, is not at present a fair subject for public analysis; but, in private, attentive readers will find ample matter for study in connection with the *morale* of his books. The editor and the publishers of these notes have laid us all, and especially men of letters, under an obligation; and we very cordially commend them as constituting one of the most interesting books the year has seen.



## GREATER BRITAIN.\*

A STRONG characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race is undoubtedly a love of travel. The hardy warriors of Hengist who took possession of our country bequeathed to their descendants the same spirit of enterprise which had first led them to our shores, and which, handed down from generation to generation, has now become an integral part of our national character. This spirit must in great measure have swelled the ranks of the Crusaders, and manned the ships of Drake and Frobisher. Religion in the one case, and the lust of gold in the other, entered largely into the motives which induced our countrymen to take part in these enterprises; still we suspect that the desire to break the monotony of existence, and to go forth into the vast and unknown world beyond their horizon, must have been more powerful than either. And in later times, thousands of our fellow-subjects, animated by the spirit of adventure, have boldly left their native soil, taking possession of continent and island, and founding colonies over the whole surface of the globe, until, as has been truly said, the sun never sets upon the British empire. America, it is true, no longer owes allegiance to the mother country, but England may well feel proud of the reflection that that vast continent, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is peopled by her own children, who derive from their Anglo-Saxon blood the energy and perseverance which so eminently distinguish them.

The author of this book has followed England round the world, and to the group of countries speaking her language he has given the appropriate name which forms the title of the work. Commencing with America, he travels from south to north, visiting Canada, thence by the Pacific railroad to the Rocky Mountains, making a passing call at Utah; then running through the new States of Colorado and Nevada, he looks in on California and Mexico, and finally takes his leave of American soil at Panama. Here he embarks for New Zealand, touching at Pitcairn's Island. From New Zealand he makes his way to Australia, whence he returns to England by way of India. When we say that a journey of such magnitude was accomplished in, as far as we can make out, less than eighteen months, it may readily be imagined that the author did not let the grass grow under his feet. But though his visit to each country was necessarily a hasty one, yet his book is neither superficially nor carelessly written. He has evidently let slip no opportunity of acquiring information. Mixing with all classes of men, eliciting opinion wherever it was possible, he has penetrated below the surface, and has succeeded in bringing to light much that is new and valuable. His observations display a cultivated and intelligent mind, and the conclusions he draws are modestly put forth.

The great question now agitating the United States, viz., upon what footing the South shall be received back into the Union, is one that is most momentous in its consequences to the future well-being of the nation. Upon its decision depends whether the heroic sacrifices undergone by the North to establish and assert the principles of Federal government shall have been made in vain. Forgetting the past, the quondam slave-owners now claim the right of admission into the Union upon equal terms with the States which remained true to the national flag, while at the same time they refuse to recognise the equality of the negro, thus, in fact, disavowing and neutralizing the acts of the supreme Government. This subject occupies a great deal of Mr. Dilke's attention. He says:—

"It is clear that the Southern negroes must be given a decisive voice in the appointment of the legislatures by which they are to be ruled, or that the North must be prepared to back up by force of opinion—or, if need be, by force of arms—the Federal Executive, when it insists on the Civil Rights Bill being set in action at the South. Government through the negroes is the only way to avoid government through an army, which would be dangerous to the freedom of the North. It is safer for America to trust her slaves than to trust her rebels; safer to enfranchise than to pardon."

And if it be true as we are told, that within one year from the termination of the war the blacks were already in possession of schools and co-operative farms, and were editing and publishing a New Orleans daily paper possessing a circulation of 10,000 copies, the negro has shown that he is not so ill-qualified for the suffrage as his former masters would wish us to believe.

Every traveller in America is struck with the marvellous growth of the cities of the West. Where a few months ago the buffalo roamed, large towns, with all the appliances of civilized life, have suddenly sprung up. When Mr. Dilke arrived at Leavenworth, the extreme frontier town of Kansas,

and the limit to which the railway then extended, he found a city of 20,000 inhabitants, three daily papers, an opera-house, and 200 drinking-saloons. Notwithstanding the latter institutions, he was informed that the place was so healthy that, when the new burial-ground was to be inaugurated, "it was necessary to shoot a man on purpose." Here Mr. Dilke, accompanied by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, started on the perilous journey known as the overland route to San Francisco, by way of Salt Lake. Perilous, indeed, it was; for the Indians were out on the war-path, and more than one of the stations on the road bore marks of their recent visits. Fortunately, however, the travellers escaped, and arrived safe at Salt Lake City. Mr. Dilke devotes a chapter to the "peculiar institution" of Mormonism. Received as all travellers of good station appear to be, with courtesy and kindness, it must be very difficult to get at the inner life of the extraordinary community ruled over by Brigham Young. This subject having been treated by Mr. Dixon in his "New America," we will not record our author's observations further than to remark that perfect liberty of discussion appears to be allowed, a newspaper at present established in Salt Lake City being devoted to abuse and vilification of the sect. Some specimens of the contents of this paper are given, but its advertisements are stranger still:—

"Everything, from a salamander safe to a Limerick fishhook, is offered by one firm. 'Fifty-three and a half and three and three-quarter thimble-skein schuttler wagons' is offered by another. Again, an advertiser bids us 'Spike the Guns of Hamburg and Beware of Deleterious Dyes! Refuse to have your Heads baptized with Liquid Fire!' Another says, 'If you want a paper free from entanglements of cliques, and antagonistic to the corrupting evils of factionism, subscribe to the *Montana Radiator*.' But nothing beats the following: 'Butcher's dead shot for bed-bugs! Curls them up as fire does a leaf! Try it, and sleep in peace! Sold by all live druggists.'"

The gold-mines of Colorado and the silver-mines of Nevada are also described. The production of the latter State has equalled in one year that of all Peru, yet the gold-miners look down with contempt upon those engaged in extracting the less precious metal. We are told of a party who were quite discouraged because they had to dig through three feet of solid silver before they could get to the gold, but probably this is one of the "tall stories" current in the West.

Dashing along in a coach and six, which performed 154 miles, including stoppages, in fifteen hours and twenty minutes, the railroad was at length reached, and the tourist found himself in San Francisco, now abbreviated to Frisco. A chapter is devoted to an account of this wonderful city—the Golden Gate, which, on the completion of the Pacific railway, will be the great highway to the East. The Chinese form a tenth of the population, and a visit paid to the quarter inhabited by them is described in an amusing manner. Here Mr. Dilke embarked for Panama, and at this point his American travels ended. The remainder of the first part of the book is occupied by some well-written chapters upon the future policy of the United States, and upon the Fenian movement. These we will pass over, with the earnest hope that the views expressed as to the power of the Fenians being solely derived from the *Alabama* controversy will now be verified by the peaceable solution of that bone of contention between the two countries. Embarking at Panama, Mr. Dilke started on a voyage of some 7,000 miles, bound to New Zealand. The steamer having touched at Pitcairn's Island, she was boarded by the magistrate, a descendent of one of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. The islanders are teetotallers, and on a bottle of brandy being presented for medicinal purposes, directions had to be given as to the quantity for a dose. New Zealand was reached in twenty-nine days. Here the gold-mining fever was at its height. Hokitiki, a miners' town, possesses 10,000 permanent, and 60,000 temporary inhabitants; but though the diggers closely resemble in their habits those of California, a pleasing trait in their character consists in their fondness for flowers, whole shiploads of which were brought from Nelson for them. A very interesting description is given of a great meeting for the conclusion of a treaty with the Maories at which Mr. Dilke was present. The affair was at one time likely to end in bloodshed; but by the firmness and patience of Dr. Featherston a peaceable solution was arrived at. The civilization of this people is outward only, and their Christianity but a form; they will relapse in a moment into all their savage habits, and cannibalism is evidently looked back upon with regret now that the opportunity for its practice has passed away. We are glad to find that though blunders have been committed by our Governments as regards the natives, yet as a rule our dealings have been free from crimes. Mr. Dilke sees in the dissensions and petty jealousies of the ten cabinets and legislatures into which the islands are divided, a far more serious

\* Greater Britain. By Charles Wentworth Dilke. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co.



trouble in the future than even Maori wars. The several colonies are split up into factions, and the consequence is, that with a population of some 200,000 the taxation is nine times that of Canada.

On the morning of the new year Sydney was reached, and the author's first impressions of Australian society were received on the race-course, whither he drove in a hansom. Victoria was next visited, and this city, with a population of 150,000, is very far outstripping the older colony. She has grander public buildings, larger and more costly railroads, a greater income, and a larger debt. Gold, wheat, and sheep are her three great staples, and possessing these in abundance her future prosperity ought to be certain. The other colonies are in turn described, and the various public questions relating to them discussed in a clear manner. We commend this portion of the book to those who wish to acquire information upon the topics which form the subjects of such warm debate in the colonial legislatures, and which, for the most part, are unintelligible to Englishmen. The great squatter question, the immigration controversy, and others, are here explained, and the relative advantages and drawbacks of the several provinces set forth. The future of this great country and its bearing in time to come as regards Great Britain is of vast importance, and, though the day may be far distant when it will proclaim its own independence, it is fervently to be hoped that our Government will constantly keep in mind the case of America, so that when the inevitable separation arrives it may be affected amicably.

From Australia Mr. Dilke went to British India, and his account of his travels in that country and his observations upon public affairs form the fourth and concluding portions of his work, on which we will not dilate further than to remark that they bear the same marks of study and reflection that characterize the preceding pages. America, Australia, and India present a field so vast that volumes might be written upon each, and the difficulty is how to condense and not how to amplify. Mr. Dilke is entitled to very great credit for the way in which he has worked out his task. The book may be read by all classes of readers. Those who look only for amusement will find much to interest them in the personal narrative, whilst the thinking portion of the community—those who have at heart the material well-being of their country—may study its pages with advantage. This book is, we believe, Mr. Dilke's maiden effort; he has no reason to be ashamed of his work. Its publication and its author's election to Parliament were simultaneous. We take our leave of him with the hope that the favourable reception he is certain to meet as an author may be a happy omen of his successful career as a member of Parliament.

#### HOUSEHOLD DECORATION.\*

In many things, art among the number, we are the victims of a transition period. Science moves soberly along, with measured and cautious steps; but philosophy, art, ethics, and religion, which are by their very nature more impulsive, make what progress they can in the world by a succession of leaps. So far as art is concerned, the question arises whether we should accept our present condition with a good grace, and revel in utter chaos as our individual fancy prompts; or whether we should not go back a century or two and try (a little self-consciously, perhaps) to resuscitate a form of art that had then consistency, coherency, and meaning. Shall we wait for the new time, or shall we return to the old? Eclectic Renaissance, even, with all its wide limits, is nearly played out. It never had much business in this country; and in its present bizarre extravagances has only drawn down ridicule upon itself, and paved the way for its dissolution. We have neither art nor architecture, nor decoration, properly belonging to our own day. Must we make blind efforts to anticipate the new art, and perchance light upon it? Or may we leave the new art to be called forth by the next inevitable tide of strong ethical or religious feeling, and, in the mean time, save ourselves from æsthetic outrage by adopting the safe and intelligible forms of a bygone time? It is a question variously and vehemently answered. It is not within our present intention to say anything with regard to it beyond this—that, whatever direction our future tendencies in art should take, the necessity remains for a crusade against the abominations which actually exist.

So far as the decoration of our houses is concerned, Mr. Eastlake records a vigorous and conclusive protest against, not only the prevailing monstrosities which the upholsterers supply,

but also against that want of intelligible theory of decoration which permits people, otherwise well educated, to receive these things into their houses. At the outset we meet the obvious stumbling-block of expense. Happy the man who can take Mr. Ruskin for his guide in house-building and Mr. Eastlake as his counsellor in house-decoration, and say to himself, "I will build and decorate myself a house in such and such a fashion, and I will compel my tradesmen to give me honest, sound, good work, and I will employ an artist to see that every detail is fitting, sensible, pleasing—let the cost be what it may." Unfortunately there are few who can afford to say this; and there are fewer who, being able to afford it, would; so that the principal good one has to expect from such books as that Mr. Eastlake has written, is the education of the popular taste. Once public taste sets in strongly in a certain direction, tradesmen will soon follow. At present the chaos which reigns in decorative art has its reflex in the minds of those who furnish houses. As a rule, it is the mistress of the house who is responsible for the style of its furniture; and, as a rule, women shrink from the imputation of doing or having anything "odd." One has to be like one's neighbours; and if the latest fashion in drawing-room "*suites*" is really too absurd, a modest compromise is effected, which leaves the gimcrack forms but tones down the colour or gilding. Young husbands of artistic proclivities sometimes make up their mind to a daring feat; and, after many profound consultations with the future mistress of love's palace, they determine to furnish their own house their own way. But how to do it? The most you can expect to find in a house furnished in obedience to some such heroic resolve, is the absence of *papier-maché* chairs with mother-of-pearl roses along the frail spars. The furniture, as a rule, is solid and sensible; the carpets and wall-paper are of proper patterns; the curtains are not offensive; and, generally, there is an atmosphere of honesty in the rooms, which prevents your being afraid to touch this or that article or use any of the couches or easy-chairs. This condition of affairs is purchased at the price of plainness which is not artistic plainness; but it is not dearly purchased. It is infinitely preferable to the sham splendour of pretentious furniture. How Englishwomen who show a fairly cultivated taste in other things—in pictures, books, music, and so forth—can tolerate the overlaid and obvious ornament, the spurious workmanship, and unintelligible shapes of fashionable furniture, is unquestionably a profound mystery. If all this meretricious finery had been designed by one of Miss Braddon's heroines (who talk a good deal about it)—if, to complete the aspect of one of these drawing-rooms, the visitor were to find one of Mrs. Wood's "*ladies*" as its mistress—no surprise would be occasioned. The most charitable theory on which to account for these phenomena is, simply, that upholsterers rule the market and that people who would like to have artistic and reasonable furniture cannot afford to pay the fancy prices which trade-combination imposes.

Mr. Eastlake is anxious that refuge should be taken from the chaotic nonsense of contemporary house-decoration in the approved forms of Gothic art. That we entirely agree with much that he says on his side of the question must be apparent from the fact that portions of the present volume have already appeared in the columns of the LONDON REVIEW. There can be no doubt that Gothic forms are preferable to the amorphous idiotcies of the ordinary upholsterer; and we will even go the length of saying that a revival of Gothic decoration is desirable, whatever self-conscious effort may prompt it. But a difficulty to be met is the uncomfortable nature of the furniture that tempts us with its Gothic style. These rectangular chairs, these massive couches, and so forth, are very handsome; but are they not extremely uncomfortable? Perhaps our modern girls lounge more than their grandmothers did—perhaps their idle habits have taught them the comfort of curved sofas and cozy cushions. At dinner, certainly, the Gothic chair would be appropriate. It would make people sit straight. But a drawing-room with low-bottomed, tall-backed, upright chairs, and sofas without a yielding inch of comfortable compromise, would be a hall of torture; and in a parlour used for ordinary purposes of reading, sewing, or writing, the condition of things would be worse. A room filled with the articles of furniture which Mr. Eastlake has cleverly sketched in this volume would be remarkably handsome, massive, somewhat sombre, perhaps, and expensive. Of course, we do not mean to measure the artistic merits of such articles of furniture with those of ordinary furniture, because, as a rule, the latter have none. But a purist in art, ready to sacrifice any convenience, rather than offend his æsthetic notions, would have to submit to a certain amount of penance if he had nothing but Gothic furniture in the house. Probably he would not mind; but, for the sake of weaker

\* Hints on Household Taste in Furniture, Upholstery, and Other Details. By Charles L. Eastlake, Architect. London: Longmans.



brethren, is it not possible to boil the peas just a very little? The whole tendency of this book is so admirable, the general principles enunciated by Mr. Eastlake are so sound and welcome, that one wishes he had published his examples as American lecturers publish their tariff, "with modifications." These general excellences, however, are so great as to render the present volume a valuable and useful handbook for any one who wishes to adorn his house with the quiet pleasures of artistic fitness and grace. To quote the many sage and shrewd practical observations scattered up and down its pages would be to reprint half the book. On such matters as the superiority of Turkey carpets; the absurdity of literal reproductions of animal or vegetable forms in carved wood-work; the necessity for the construction and intention of supports and fastenings being made apparent; the harmony which ought to exist between decoration and the material in which it is worked; the degraded forms which now exist of ornaments which were originally used for a particular and practical purpose; and the prevailing taste in glass, crockery, jewellery, &c., Mr. Eastlake's volume may be appropriately consulted. The odd notions which some people hold upon these matters are too well known to need mention—the strange, dogmatic theories at which they arrive without the least assistance. Wild ideas about breaking every perpendicular line with a curve, about certain necessary conflicts in colour, about realism or symbolism in decorative art, spring up in some brains in the most incomprehensible manner. Here is one instance out of many noted by Mr. Eastlake:—"Some people conceive that the most important condition of good taste has been fulfilled if every bit of damask in one room is cut from the same piece, and every article of furniture is made of the same wood." Indeed, there are some householders so possessed by this notion that their monotonously coloured "blue room" or "green room" strikes upon one's eyeball like a gusty blow from the east wind.

Perhaps we ought to add to these random commendations a word in praise of the cleverly-executed woodcuts with which Mr. Eastlake has illustrated his volume. Some of these are copies from historical monuments of Gothic household art; others are designs done by Mr. Eastlake himself. Altogether the volume is one which was much wanted—one which, we hope, will secure its end, and effect some improvement in the form and decoration of our household furniture.

#### A HOUSE OF CARDS.\*

A NEW novel, written by an unknown author, will always excite a certain amount of interest in the reader's mind. There is no knowing what may be in store for him. It is somewhat like an investment in mining shares—the chances are a thousand to one against receiving any return, but then the one in the thousand is fortunate indeed. We confess to having opened these volumes with despairing resignation, but before we closed them we found we had drawn a prize. "A House of Cards" is scarcely a work of genius, but it unquestionably shows very high ability, and promises something in the future which may be very nearly allied to a work of genius. The authoress improves greatly in her style as the story goes on, and it is to be regretted that she did not re-write the earlier portion, in which the sentences are often terribly involved and the parentheses so frequent and so long that it is difficult to follow the meaning of the words. Another fault of the novel is that the story is wanting in artistic construction; the interest of the reader is shifted from the central figure and concentrated on what at first appears to be only a supernumerary. As Alice Wood comes upon the scene Mrs. Haviland fades away, the mistake being that Alice Wood rather than Mrs. Haviland should from the commencement have claimed the reader's attention.

The plot itself is simple. A certain Julia Wallace, the widow of a felon and the mother of a convict's child, under the assumed name of Peyton, and through the agency of Mr. Eliot Foster, a solicitor, and a former lover of Julia, obtains a situation as companion to a blind widow lady, Mrs. Haviland. How such a self-contained, hard, and prudent-minded woman as Julia could have got herself into so unfortunate a position as to be the wife of a felon is difficult to conceive, and the authoress does not assist us with any information on the point; but being still endowed with youth, beauty, and a strong will, she determines to have what enjoyment is possible to be got from wealth and position. With this intent she sets herself to captivate Stephen Haviland, the only son of her employer, who has just returned from India, a rich man. She succeeds, and

finding Stephen to be deeply in love with her, and also to be a man not easily turned aside from any self-gratification, she wisely imparts to him her past history. Stephen Haviland has three married sisters, Mesdames Burdett, Marsh, and Fanshaw, who mutually thank Providence that they are Havilands, and who lead their husbands terrible lives. Stephen is not desirous that his sisters should know anything of his bride's past life, and Julia herself wishes the past put away from her for ever. Accordingly, Stephen gives a thousand pounds, which Julia hands to Mr. Eliot Foster to provide for her infant boy, with the condition that the boy is never to receive any clue to his name, birth, or parentage, and that Julia is to hear of him no more. The marriage takes place with no other family witness than the blind mother, who has been partly coaxed and partly terrified into submission, so that the bride is enabled to be married as Julia Wallace, widow, without any of the Havilands guessing that she had lived under an assumed name. Julia devotes herself to the blind lady with complete success, winning her heart by unwearying kindness. The daughters, too, give way before the determination and tact of their sister-in-law, while society falls down and worships the beautiful and stately Julia. Meanwhile, the child, under the name of Henry Hurst, has been placed by Mr. Eliot Foster with a cousin of his own, Mrs. Wood, a widow, in poor circumstances, who has one little daughter, Alice. The children grow up together, Henry Hurst becoming a handsome, clever, vicious, and ill-conditioned young man, who believes himself entitled to wealth and position wrongfully withheld from him; while Alice Wood is beautiful with the beauty of the saints, living in a realm of purest fancy and shut out from the world. To her everything is comprised in her lover and old playmate Henry Hurst, who is in Paris studying art. On the death of Mrs. Wood, Hurst writes to Alice to come and marry him; but poor Alice's happiness is short lived. Her husband has no sympathies with her imaginative disposition or with the purity of her mind. She grows sadder and more sad at his neglect, while he is disgusted by her want of vitality and by the depression caused by her great love unreturned. Mr. and Mrs. Haviland, having no children of their own, adopt a niece, Madeleine Burdett, a bright, sunny girl, whose life is all enjoyment, to whom Julia gives almost a mother's love and to whom her husband is also greatly attached, insomuch that she sometimes thinks whether she needed to have sacrificed her own child, and is inclined in very idle moments to wonder what has become of him. Henry Hurst gets a commission to sketch the principal English country seats for a French publisher, and among them Meriton, where the Havilands live. He refuses the entreaties of Alice to take her with him on his travels through the country, but leaves her in a little cottage by the sea-shore in Essex. At Meriton, Hurst is treated as a guest, and being thrown much into the society of Madeleine, conceives a passion for her. She is engaged to a young attaché in the diplomatic service who is abroad, and this engagement, together with the difference in the social position of herself and the young artist, causes her to treat him with a frankness and cordiality which he mistakes for a return of his passion. His whole soul is now filled with loathing for his almost deserted wife, and he writes to her endeavouring to induce her to separate from him altogether and to live in a remote part of Durham, in which case he will make a slender provision for her maintenance, otherwise he threatens to abandon her. She does not answer his brutal letter, and raging with impatience and passion, he goes to seek her in Essex. He finds the fishing-village where she lives deserted by the fishermen, who are attending the funeral of some drowned comrades, and that Alice is spending the day alone on a little island some distance from the shore. Taking a boat, he rows himself across to the island, and, infuriated by his wife's refusal to live entirely away from him, he drowns her. Maddened partly by horror at his crime and partly by his guilty passion, he, after a few days' wandering, returns to propose marriage to Madeleine only to see her embracing her returned lover. As he leaves the house he is arrested for the murder, and then Mrs. Haviland finds that Henry Hurst is her own son. She is seized with paralysis and dies. Hurst is condemned and left for execution.

We do not admire murder as one of the fine arts, and in the present case the authoress might have been content with only an attempt at murder, so as to save the life of Alice while getting rid artistically of the convict's widow and child. The strength of the book lies in delineation of character. That of the blind Mrs. Haviland is so powerful that it must have been drawn from life, while the tender, gentle Alice is an exquisite conception. Mrs. Cashel Hoey can depict a country clergyman with strong common sense. Take the following criticism, by

\* A House of Cards. A Novel. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Three vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.



the rector, of his son's sermon. The son is a young curate, inclined to be somewhat flowery and prolix in his discourse:—

"'You won't find it is easy to frighten them, my dear boy,' the rector would say; 'Bogney won't do it; and as to the other thing—now, do you really think 'a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign,' means anything at all, or anything pleasant, to Clarke and Jackson and Miller? A land running with beer and gin, where pipes and tobacco don't cost anything, and there's an unfailingly good market for their pigs, would be their notion of heaven, if you could get them to tell you the truth, or to have any notion at all on the subject; but they have not. There have you been preaching—a very pretty sermon indeed; I don't know that I ever heard anything prettier or more incomprehensible to the audience, and rather too long—about the likeness of the kingdom of heaven to a grain of mustard-seed, and its growing up into a tree, and the fowls of the air sheltering under its branches. I wonder what Tom Locke and his wife Sukey thought about all that, if they happened to take their minds off the dinner for a minute or two. My dear boy, mustard-seed does not grow at that rate here; it is invariably associated in the British mind with cress; the tree isn't known in Hampshire; and if your pet section of the congregation went home with any notions at all in their heads, depend upon it they were compounded of the magic beanstalk of fiction and the familiar hen-roosts of their domestic life.'"

We shall look with great interest for another novel from Mrs. Cashel Hoey's pen.

#### FROM THE LEVANT.\*

THERE is a broad distinction between the tourist and the traveller. The tourist is a person who is generally capable of doing anything a traveller can do after the traveller has done it. Any Spanish grandee could sail to America after Columbus had engraved the path with the keel of his ship. Albert Smith, ascending the crystal stairs of Mont Blanc, was only a tourist; Dr. Livingstone, piercing the geographical mysteries of Africa, is a traveller in the best sense of the word. Tourists seldom venture a day's journey beyond hail of a policeman, or the comforts of a hotel, and if they do they carry with them the luxuries of modern civilization. The dangers incident to touring in Italy from brigandage are generally more theatrical than real, and could always be avoided by a pennyworth of prudence. There are more brigands of a kind in the city of London than in the whole of Italy. Unlike the tourist, however, the real traveller does not walk in beaten tracks. It is the necessity of his destiny to pass beyond the utmost limits of civilized life into the vaguest regions of barbarism, and for a time, if not for ever, to become lost to the friendly hail of Christendom. He carries his life in the tube of his pistol, or buys goodwill and protection by sackfuls of glass beads or halfpenny trinkets; if these fail, he may be wakened any morning, not by the postman's knock or the railway whistle, but by the knock of a savage club, the blow of a panther's paw, the soft sliding wriggle of a serpent, or by a chorus of lions. Or he may be fatally pierced by the molten lances of a tropic sun, or by the starry and steel-like daggers of Arctic frost. Such a traveller may pass out of the light of Europe strong in limb, full of hope, and well attended; but he will return, if at all, in all these respects more like a beggar than a prince—foot-sore, weary, and lean as the wind with long hungers; but still a prince, by reason of the possession of some great fact which he almost perished to pluck from the darkness of an unknown land. In such a plight, not improbably, will Dr. Livingstone soon return to us; and we daresay it will be sufficient for him if, in addition to bare life, he brings home some small modicum of geographical fact which will be either a distinct increase to our present African store, or such as to rectify or change altogether some present view, or preconceived opinion. Although, however, such work is out of the province of the tourist, the latter is not therefore a wholly useless person. Following in the track of the traveller, he is often useful in picking up the crumbs which fall from that rich man's table, or which are purposely and necessarily neglected. But further, as there is an art in travelling, few men are capable of being good tourists, fewer still of being good travellers. Both these functions require a distinct genius, inclusive of something more than mere feet, eyes, and curiosity. A pig is a very neat traveller, and if unstyed and left to its own erratic inclinations, will, by a species of prophetic instinct, or piggish polarity, strike straight by a circumbendibus for the most hidden puddle or heap of beech-nuts in mid-forest. After all his wanderings and diggings, however, the pig returns home with only a swollen belly and a grunt. Even so is it with many of our tourists who come home from the most classic ramblings stuffed with wind, uttering only a tiresome expression of personal satisfaction. Mr.

Arnold is not a traveller; but neither is he, on the other hand, a tourist of the vapid and inane species. Indeed, he is a tourist of an exceptionally grateful kind; and he has given us, in the form of a series of letters, a couple of remarkably interesting volumes.

Mr. Arnold informs us that these letters were written *en route*, which is one fact in their favour. Although, perhaps, a less correct method of writing descriptions of historical places and events, it affords at least almost complete assurance that the matter has not been stolen from previous works on the same subject. The most serious objection to the volumes is that they describe routes which are already beaten as smooth as Bond-street by previous travellers and tourists. Greece, for instance, to which Mr. Arnold devotes his first volume, has for literary purposes been ransacked scores of times, and often with such thoroughness as, one would think, to leave neither fact nor fiction for any future gleaner. This has, indeed, been the case, and so far as these volumes deal with ancient Greece, they give us neither new views nor new facts. Mr. Arnold's sketches of modern Greece are done with a free, fresh, and vigorous hand. The writing has an unpretentious, off-hand air, which is certainly far more endurable than if the author had stalked through the land of great memories in stage-boots, with slouched hat, and swinging a big sword. It is a well-informed, middle-class, observant Englishman touring with his wife, and writing as he proceeds, for the pleasure of his friends at home, an account of what he sees by the way. The result is, on the whole, good, if not uniformly excellent; and we can give the volumes the commendation that they can be read through with a continuous degree of pleasure, and here and there with much profit. It adds to the freshness of the book to know that Mr. Arnold's Levantine, Black Sea, and Danubian experiences, refer to the present year. Although the sketches begin at the Bay of Naples, from which the author sails for Greece, he devotes a few pages to an ascent of Vesuvius while the mountain was in pyrotechnic operation. But we need not linger with him there, nor look at the sister fire-peaks of Etna and Stromboli; we shall not even pause at Messina with its polyglot population; but condensing a thirty hours' drive over the stormy Adriatic into a minute, we shall hail the snowy hills which look down upon Sparta, glide through the beautiful Gulf of Saronia, round Cape Malea northward into the Ægean, dash into the Saronic Gulf through a dreamland of isles, and at once cast anchor in the Piræus, the port of Athens, the city of Minerva. It is, we suppose, another fact in favour of Mr. Arnold, that he does not weary his readers with poetical quotations; not that he is blind to the charms of sea and sky, and the famous scenes which he visits, or is insensible to the influences of the great memories which haunt the soil of Greece. He is more careful to record facts than feelings, and he wisely limits himself to the use of plain prose. Immediately he enters the Piræus, he notes that in 1834, when King Otho landed, a few wretched hovels were the only habitations round the port, while now the town has a population exceeding 5,000, many of the houses being well built, and most hotels and cafés having verandahs affording shelter from the sun. In the harbour are always to be seen the flags of some of the protecting Powers; and during Mr. Arnold's visit the English ship *Lord Warden* and the Russian ship *Alexander Newskey*, floated in the Piræus, the latter having on board Admiral Boutakoff, "concerning whose deportation of Cretans there has been much diplomatic correspondence between the Courts of Constantinople and St. Petersburg." The band of the *Lord Warden* was playing in Queen's Gardens, and among the assemblage listening to the English music was a picturesque crowd of distressed Cretans, refugees from the seat of war in Candia, who had followed, Mr. Arnold says, "the example of some 40,000 of their countrymen in accepting the hospitable invitation of their co-religionists. The Cretans," he further remarks, "are distinguished by the fineness and intelligence of their features and a softness of manner quite unusual among an agricultural population. In the group before me all had bright dark eyes and features, such as in northern countries would be taken to indicate mental capacities of more than customary activity." Mr. Arnold thinks that St. Paul grievously wronged the Cretans when, on the authority of one of their own prophets, he called them "liars, evil beasts, slow bellies." Our author, on the contrary, thinks that although there are liars in the Levant, the Cretans do not excel others in lying; they are not "evil beasts," for while some 50,000 of them are living in Greece almost upon charity, they have not become robbers or wild beasts, as many men would in such a case inevitably become; and they are not "slow bellies," for they are not only good eaters, but are, as one who fought with them for a year told the author, "on their stomachs, on all-fours, or on

\* From the *Levant, the Black Sea, and the Danube*. By R. Arthur Arnold, Author of "The History of the Cotton Famine," &c. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall.



their feet, the most active irregular soldiery that ever handled a musket against an enemy." But the Greeks are paying for their ambition and their hospitality in a double sense. While they are spending a large portion of their national income in supporting the exiled Cretans, these victims of the Greek "Great Idea" have in some measure repaid their debt in small-pox and fever, which they have imported from their hunger-haunted island. Bearing in mind that the religion, the language, and the sympathies of a great majority of the people of Crete are distinctly and intensely Greek, it is not altogether unreasonable to ask why the island should not be surrendered to Greece? It will doubtless reach that destination at last; but as an explanation of the present diplomatic dead-lock on the subject, Mr. Arnold suggests that "the statesmen of the three Powers are perhaps wise in letting the combatants alone, because it is certain that, completed in Crete, the propagandism of insurrection would at once break out in Thessaly." This is, however, only a policy of delay, which will result, as it is probably intended, in presenting to Turkey an irresistible demonstration of the impossibility of her continuing to rule overwhelming Christian populations. It is sometimes better to let a tree rot to its fall, than by the axe to anticipate its day of doom.

Mr. Arnold is exceedingly entertaining among the ruins of ancient Athens, which, in a sort of shadowy way, he contrives not unskillfully to reconstruct for the benefit of the reader. If we dared, we should like to brood with him an hour or two among those immortal fragments. Less dreamy and more unpoetic work, however, must be ours. Under his guidance, we shall present a few facts about the modern Athenians, who, like the Greeks all over Greece, are a more mixed race than the Greeks of the days of Pericles. The University of Athens, which is supported by the Government, seems to be an "admirable institution," being provided with handsome lecture-rooms, library, and museum. Higher education being as nearly as possible free in Greece, the privileges of the University appear to be highly appreciated, perhaps "too highly," if it is true, as some of the professors say, that "the result is to fill Athens with young men who will have it that book-learning is their only stock-in-trade, and that its possession confers upon them the right to maintenance as State paupers;" the meaning of which is that the academic Greek, as a rule, despises the wholesome pursuits of industry, and aims at a politico-literary career. "He becomes merged," so goes the process, "in the political life of Athens, gets claims upon some leading politician, which, if they are paid, saddles the State with an indifferent civil servant; if they are not, leaves him one of the worst and most useless and most dangerous class of citizens with which a State can be burdened." A petty, contemptible, and morally-deteriorating kind of life like this is necessarily productive of a great deal of political meanness and anarchy. Self first, self last, and Greece nowhere, is really the creed of such clutchers at the loaves and fishes of office. It seems, however, that "the leading idea of the ruling and political class is vaguely connected with the resuscitation of the Byzantine empire, the union of all the Greeks under one government at Constantinople or Athens." This grand and not wholly uncommendable idea would gain some degree of possibility if it were keenly shared by the labouring and productive class, who are too sharply divided from the ruling, political, and merely consuming class; and whose one idea is simply—how to pay their way. "There are no rich," says Mr. Arnold, "and the country is not one to which capital is easily drawn." No, indeed. If the rich Greek merchants and bankers scattered through the capitals of Europe, who compose the absentee aristocracy of Greece, will spend almost nothing of their accumulated millions upon their country, it can hardly be expected that other people will send money into channels rendered unremunerative and unsafe by the absence of those whose presence would guarantee stability to good government and all legitimate enterprise. Let Greek skill, Greek genius, Greek money, and Greek flesh and blood be spent unstintedly in Greece and for Greece, and, as Mr. Arnold remarks, "the ambition of Greece might be largely, if not wholly, accomplished by peaceful means." In point of agriculture alone, Greece is little better than barbarian; and thus, with incalculable wealth lying unwrought in her soil, and her rich and capable sons speculating in foreign fields, the country, which might be affluent, is poor and in difficulties. Young King George has, doubtless, a great uphill work before him, and would have, whether he favoured the Great Idea, or spurned it as impracticable. Mr. Arnold is not extremely hopeful as to the future of Greece; but perhaps a better fortune is in store than he thinks is possible to a country, many of the rightful provinces of which are in the hands of a decaying State. Possibly the Greek tumour growing

at the heart of Turkey may some day burst in a manner more favourable to Greece than is anticipated by the shrewd heads that are now studying the mysterious malady of the Sick Man.

During Mr. Arnold's stay in Athens there was an election, of which the writer gives a full and graphic description. As a great election has just taken place in Great Britain, unhappily not without bloodshed, it may not be out of place to mention one fact in connection with the Greek polling, for the encouragement of our countrymen who seriously desire purity and peacefulness of election. Bear in mind that the Greeks, to a man, discuss politics; that each party has much to gain by success, and something to lose by failure; and that by temperament they are exceedingly quarrelsome—and what would you expect but that they fought and cut each other's throats during the excitement of an election? Nothing of the sort. "On the contrary, English people do not go to their churches and meeting-houses in a more orderly manner than the Athenians betook themselves to the poll. And it cannot be doubted that this remarkable absence of anything approaching disorder was due to the mode of election—by ballot." Let our patriotic countrymen ponder and inwardly digest this curious fact, in every way creditable to the Greeks, and so unlike many facts in connection with our present election which have brought discredit upon ourselves. Two of the polling-places in Athens were churches, not very appropriate arenas many will think, either in spirit or in fact, for giving expression to the popular will. We may mention, too, that the mechanical apparatus used in Athens for conducting an election by ballot is singularly simple and efficient, and might be adopted by ourselves when the new Reform Bill is so far perfected by the super-addition of the ballot. But we must conclude. In his second volume, Mr. Arnold gives some interesting sketches of Constantinople and various other parts of Turkey; he describes with fulness the habits and customs of the people; devotes some space to a consideration of the Eastern question, of which he gives as intelligent an analysis as most of those who have vainly puzzled their heads over it; and, lastly, he visits the Hungarian and Austrian capitals, from which he draws very good materials for a conclusion to the book. Mr. Arnold's two volumes are obviously the work of an intelligent and observant man; as the record of a tourist's notes and reflections, they are unusually good; and altogether they form a piece of easy, pleasant, and far from unprofitable reading.

#### BLONDEL PARVA.\*

We do not agree with certain minute philosophers who believe that the death of the devil would ruin the clerical profession; but we really think that the romancist ought to thank goodness for the existence of vice and rascality, for such spirits are as essential to him as the breath of life, which he could no more dispense with than he could dispense with bread and butter, or the printing-press, which is about the same thing. Indeed, in a very practical sense, there is to the story-teller a soul of good in things evil. It is his peculiar function to take care that the evil a man does shall live after him; though it must be admitted that the same function will not permit him to let the good he does be always interred with his bones. Hence is it that, in every story which does not rise above a fair mediocrity of art, certain almost invariable quantities of vice and virtue are represented with mechanical periodicity in the dismalness of punishment or by the brilliancy of reward. Here, for instance, is another story by that indefatigable workman, the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," and other tales of a similar gustatory type. "Blondel Parva" has the merit of being in two volumes; but it has the demerit of being compounded of very common though fairly handled materials. It contains, as a background, three rogues created from the seething rascalities of the turf. By the way, what rich stores of moral and tragic ambiguities the turf has recently produced for the use of future storyologists! In the foreground of the picture are two brace of excellent lovers, whose commendable desire to love and be loved, to marry and be married, is shamefully interfered with by the sinister influences of the rogues in question, and by other serviceable causes. One of the lovers is a poor curate, the other a literary barrister—a type of character which is becoming quite popular among writers of fiction, though we are sorry to observe that they do not always cut an unchallengeable figure. In the present instance, we are happy to announce that the literary character is not only wholly respectable, but is one of the most efficient actors in the "Blondel

\* Blondel Parva. By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. Two vols. London: Bradbury, Evans, & Co.



Parva" drama. He is, in fact, the active pivot round whom mainly the incidents of the tale revolve, and upon whom, with the lady whom he loves, they principally concentrate in the end. Two of the rogues die, while the third lives and keeps the dramatic kettle boiling. He is the evil spirit who would sacrifice everybody on the cloudy altar of his own infinite desires. But as it is only the comparative degrees of evil that for a time succeed, this man fails at once through the impolitic extent of his own heartless greed, the action of the Fates being somewhat slow on the side of justice, virtue, and love. While he is enjoying his criminally-got gains, Nemesis, in the form of the hero, steps in, and with a single blow shatters the wretch's dreams of turfy triumphs and social distinction. The heroine is, by this means, rescued from the fast-approaching dogs of poverty and disgrace, and the curtain falls amid a sweet flicker of hymeneal candles. Let it be said in favour of the author, that his story is, in a popular sense, very readable. It advances through its various scenes and acts at a good rattling pace. None of the characters allow the grass to grow under their feet, so that the reader is never in danger of falling asleep. Here and there, too, throughout the two volumes, gleam out some pretty touches of landscape, dewed with the poetic spirit. But the weakness of the whole business lies in the fact that it seems to be the production of piece-work—as if it had been written to order, according to a certain pattern, and at the shortest notice. This seems to be the method adopted in the production of a certain species of modern fiction. The old elements are flung into a mill and turned out immediately spick-and-span-new—new in the sense that paper is new, while we know it to be the product of old rags. The author of "Blondel Parva" owns a lively stock of his own, and we should be the last to accuse him of lifting other people's cattle; yet somehow, in his new story the characters seem old and familiar, as if we had seen them a thousand times. Something of this kind is perhaps inevitable in all cases, and any originality which is possible to a writer will only appear in the manner in which he puts his materials. Heaven and earth, and all living, as well as dead phenomena, are the heritage of the painter; but for every inch of canvas that is made immortal, there are acres that, in being only saleable, sell the buyer of them, and make unbeautiful for ever the walls of the uncritical Philistines. In like manner, for every book that finds an abiding-place in the heart of man, there are waggonfuls that, after serving the temporary purposes of commerce, fall decently asleep in the company of equally somnific bedfellows on the shelves of polyglot libraries and other accommodating dust-holes. We do not see that we need complain of this. If the majority of books must necessarily sink out of human memory, it is a distinct merit if any of them fairly serve their temporary purpose. Like dozens of stories published during the present year, "Blondel Parva" will serve its allotted span, perhaps more efficiently than some of its fellows, and then be heard of no more.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Log of my Leisure Hours.* By an Old Sailor. (Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.)

In the language of the author, this Log "merely records the incidents of a life of success without speculation, happiness in the midst of unwearied industry, numerous enjoyments without critical excitement, and love without romance." These words convey a faithful description of the book, which traces the career of Richard Claremont from the condition of a poor shipboy, through a variety of common enough adventures by sea and land, until he becomes a successful man of business in London, and ultimately a member of Parliament. We can well believe that the narrative is written by an old sailor, for it is extremely garrulous; and, as in most cases of a similar kind, the language is fearfully in excess of the matter. We should, however, have expected a more interesting and exciting yarn from any person who had smelt salt water so extensively as the writer of this Log. Although of the sea, and written by an ancient mariner, the book does not strongly emit the usual characteristic odour. The freshening breeze does not sing merrily through the pages; we do not feel sensibly the leap and roll of the ship; we miss, too, something of Jack's swagger; and he does not tuck up his trousers so overwhelmingly as we have seen him do in other books and on the stage. This, of course, simply amounts to the fact that the Log is not melodramatic. It is, indeed, quite otherwise; and is for the most part so quiet that it is not easy catching what every book must more or less exhibit, the reason which induced its production. As if in anticipation of some such objection, the author asks in his preface, "May not a tale still be read which is neither sensational nor sentimental?" and, "Will the simple narrative of real life convey its own lessons?" Both questions may be at once answered in the affirmative; but, at the same time, it appears

to us highly necessary that a tale, just because it is so, should to a very sensible extent satisfy the reader's inherent sensational and sentimental cravings, which are perfectly natural, and must be addressed and roused in a natural and legitimate manner. Failing to do this, a story may be said to fail altogether. On the other hand, if this Log, as we are informed, is the unvarnished record of an actual life, which one may be permitted to doubt, it may be allowed in that case that it is not quite destitute of biographical interest. Yet, regarded as a biography, it would be in some respects more imperfect than as a mere fiction. Scores of better and more attractive lives than that of Richard Claremont remain, and will for ever remain, unwritten; so that, in this light, the writer has failed even more profoundly in showing an adequate reason for the publication of the Log of his Leisure Hours. The reader had better accept the book as simply the "yarn" of an old sailor, and nothing more. So holding it ourselves, we have only to say that, although the story is a quiet, unambitious piece of writing on the whole, and is plagued in some places with an almost intolerable verbal flatulence, it contains a few fair descriptive passages, an occasional gleam of old-mannish humour, and plenty of wholesome morality.

*Gray's Elegy, with Illustrations.* (Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.)

This handsome edition of "Gray's Elegy" may be regarded as a foretaste of the coming illustrated Christmas books. It is a very nicely got-up volume, with coloured lithographs by a number of well-known artists. The landscapes are invariably superior to the figure-pictures, as is the case with most coloured lithographs. The frontispiece is a remarkably fine specimen of colour-printing.

*The Language of Flowers.* By Robert Tyas, LL.D., &c. With twelve coloured groups of flowers. (Routledge.)

Why this book, so carefully and creditably got up, should have received such a commonplace and repellant title, it is hard to understand. Properly speaking, the volume consists of a series of short and popular essays on flowers, accompanied by plates which are unusually fine in execution. The flowers are very delicately and truthfully done, both in drawing and colouring; and the book, being prettily bound, makes altogether a handsome present.

*Longfellow's Poems.* Edited and prefaced by Robert Buchanan. Vol. I. (Moxon.)

This is a pocket edition of Longfellow, in small, clear type, with a new arrangement of the poems, and a warmly appreciative preface by Mr. Buchanan. When completed, the edition will be a remarkably handy one, especially for those who like to have their favourite poets in a small and readable size.

*Gutch's Almanack for 1869.* (Stevens.)

This useful literary and scientific epitome has reached its twenty-eighth year. Its contents are as varied as ever, and the information in science has been carefully revised, and in some branches rewritten, to keep the reader au courant with the knowledge of the day. To barely enumerate the various subjects discussed in this unpretentious little volume would occupy more space than we have at our disposal. Those who know the work are constantly consulting its pages, to those who do not, it is doing them a favour to advise them to procure a copy.

We have also received—The "Globe Edition" of Goldsmith's *Miscellaneous Works*, with an admirable biographical introduction by Prof. Masson (Macmillan);—*The Satires of Juvenal, with Prolegomena and English Notes*, by T. H. S. Escott, M.A. (Virtue & Co.);—*The Doctrine of the Church of England* (Rivingtons);—*Triumph—the Christian more than Conqueror*, by the Rev. George Philip, M.A. (Nimmo);—*Economy of Life; or, Food, Repose, and Love*, by George Miles (Trübner);—*Aristophanes—The Wasps*, edited by W. C. Green, M.A. (Rivingtons);—*The Poetical Works of Scott* (Warne);—*England or Rome*, by Henry Barclay Swete, M.A. (Rivingtons);—*The Seven Ages of Clarewell: the History of a Spot of Ground*, by the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, M.A. (Burns);—*Memoirs of Celebrated Female Sovereigns*, by Mrs. Jameson (Routledge);—*Perranzabuloe: the Lost Church Found*, by the Rev. C. T. Collins Trelawney, M.A. (Rivingtons);—*The American Naturalist*;—*The Remains of Thomas Hearne, M.A.*, by Philip Bliss (J. R. Smith);—*The Steele Glas, &c.*, by George Gascoigne, English reprints edited by Edward Arber (Alex. Murray);—*Sixteenth Annual Report to the Council of the City of Manchester on the Working of the Public Free Libraries*;—*Doctor or Doctress*, by Samuel Gregory, A.M., M.D.;—*Report of the Metropolitan Free Dormitory Association*;—*Suggestions for Forming a Council of Foreign Bondholders*, by J. Gerstenberg (Mann Nephews);—*Sermons, Occasional and Parochial*, by the Rev. John Keble, M.A. (Parker);—*Reply to the Rev. F. F. Trench's Attack on the Established Church of Ireland*, by the Rev. J. E. Armstrong, D.D. (Hodges, Smith, & Foster).